



No. 472.—VOL. XXXVII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL,

JOINT-AUTHOR (WITH MISS CLO. GRAVES) OF THE KENDALS' SUCCESSFUL NEW PLAY, "ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER."

(SEE OVERLEAF FOR CRITIQUE.)

Portrait Study by James H. L. Hyatt, 70, Mortimer Street, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

"Gentlemen, The Queen!"—Royal Toasts and Forgetful Chairmen—  
The National Anthem—Hungarian Horses—Kingly Theatre-goers.

IT is a curious point of etiquette, very interesting to all Clubmen, on which His Majesty the King has made known his pleasure to the Lord Mayor, regarding the drinking of the Queen's health at public banquets, deciding that it is to be a "standing" toast, and not a "sitting" one. During the latter portion of the reign of Queen Victoria, the Queen's health was, of course, received with every possible honour, but the health of the Prince of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family was generally considered as a "sitting" toast, and when it was proposed the band played some bars of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The inclusion of the Queen's name in the second toast now raises it in dignity; her health is to be toasted standing, and some bars of the National Anthem are to be played before the guests resume their seats. I am sure that the King's decision will be received with much satisfaction by all those of us who have to attend public dinners, for we are all intensely loyal, but are sometimes a little at sea as to the manner in which our loyalty should be shown.

I should like to see the loyal toasts proposed at an earlier hour during dinner than they now generally are. It is etiquette that guests should not smoke after dinner until the "standing" toasts have been proposed, and I have time and time again seen two or three hundred gentlemen eyeing and fingering their cigars wistfully after dinner, while a non-smoking chairman, quite unaware that he is keeping his fellow-guests from one of the great delights of the evening, chats to his neighbour, and is oblivious of the gentle hints that the "toast-master" behind his chair is trying to give him. If the health of the King were given after the chief meat-course and the health of the Queen immediately after the sweet-course, there would be no lessening of respect to our Sovereign and his Consort, but a public dinner would have fewer terrors to those men who like to light up their cigars when the coffee is brought round.

While I am on the subject of toasts and the manner in which they are received, I should like to enter a protest against the vulgarisation of the National Anthem and the indiscriminate manner in which it is used. Any music-hall singer considers he has a right to bring an audience to their feet by introducing a verse of it into a medley chiefly composed of the comic songs of the day; any composer thinks it is in perfect taste to introduce it into an overture. The National Anthem should be used only on official occasions or on those connected in some way with Royalty or under the patronage of Royalty, and is so treated on ships-of-war, in garrisons, and other places where etiquette is strictly observed. Private citizens have really no right to fly the Royal Standard or the plain Union Jack from their houses, though no one is likely to quarrel with them for doing so, and they should treat the national prayer with due respect.

I hope that the Hungarian horse is not to fall into evil repute because Lord Kitchener has dubbed some of the remounts sent to South Africa from Hungary "flat-catchers." If a soldier were asked who are the finest light-cavalrymen in Europe, he would be likely to answer "the Hungarian Hussars," and these Hussars, and their Lancers also, are mounted on the horses of the country. The Hungarian cavalryman rides very nearly the same weight that our light-cavalrymen do, and their horses carry them well on marches longer than our cavalry at home are ever asked to undertake. There is a strain of Arab blood in the Hungarian horse which gives him wonderful powers of endurance, and it is not an animal to be judged entirely by appearance. If I am not mistaken, the horses which the German Emperor uses in the country and which take him long journeys at a marvellous rate of speed are Hungarian ones.

The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales have not wearied in their theatre-going, and before the coming of Lent will have seen nearly all the plays now running in London. His Majesty and the Prince have as well been twice to the Queen's Hall to concerts, and I never heard more hearty applause than that which greeted the song, "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," which Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang at the concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society, the audience seizing the occasion for a display of loyalty and demanding a triple encore. Our Sovereign is the most enthusiastic of kingly theatre-goers, and next His Majesty, the King of the Belgians is, I should fancy, the most constant frequenter of theatres, for he thinks nothing of running by automobile from wherever he may be in his own kingdom to Paris to be present at an interesting *première* at the Français or the Opéra. The Kaiser is also a very lavish patron of the drama and a very keen and somewhat severe critic. The Emperor of Austria, who for many years has been seen but little in places of amusement—for his great sorrows have thrown a shadow on his life—much astonished his Court and Capital last week by taking a party of little Archdukes, his grandchildren, to the circus. It was a thorough Christmas holiday party, and the Archdukes, like many other children of less lofty birth, were immensely pleased with the clown, who was duly brought to the Royal Box, presented, questioned, and complimented. An Archduke longing to change places with the "Auguste" of a circus sounds like an extract from a fairy-tale.

## THE KENDALS' NEW PLAY.

Production at Brighton of "St. Martin's Summer," by Lady Colin Campbell and Miss Clo. Graves.

"ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER" may be described as a play written by ladies for ladies. It contains several of those scenes in which the Sweet Sex delights—that is to say, scenes during which the dear creatures can enjoy "a good cry." Indeed, on the first night (when, I will confess, I shed a few "pearly fugitives" myself), the vast number of ladies present were so moved by the excellently written pathetic scenes, so grandly and touchingly acted by Mrs. Kendal, that they were, perhaps, a little blind to certain defects of construction and dialogue which were more obvious to us of the sterner and more critical sex. Several of these defects can be easily remedied, and, if they cannot, it will not matter much. If those concerned in any play venture can only capture the ladies, that play's financial success is assured, for the ladies are sure to make their male-folk take them to see that piece. Now, inasmuch as, after the curtain had fallen on "St. Martin's Summer," I heard several tear-stained ladies declare that it was "the best piece they had ever seen," I assume that Lady Colin and my sister *Sketch* contributor are going to make money out of this mostly strong domestic drama.

Of course, "St. Martin's Summer" is not *really* "the best play ever seen." The fair collaborators put something of a strain upon the analytical playgoer now and again by their reliance upon secret marriages, two or three deep, and also by showing that all concerned with these unions have been for many years kept in ignorance of each other's positions, and even of each other's existence, through the continuous fraudulent tampering with letters by a certain village post-mistress, whose habits in this connection seem to be well known in the neighbourhood, but, as far as I could gather, never complained of. Once grant this somewhat extreme basis, and the play goes on all right.

To describe the leading characters is, perhaps, the best way to indicate the story. Mrs. Kendal's character is that of a wealthy young widow—Mrs. Trecarrel, to wit—who, with her three young children, lives in a splendid Cornish mansion, called Trecarrel Court. Her husband, whom she always regarded as a noble-minded, loyal-hearted man, has been dead some five years. When the play opens, Mrs. Trecarrel is shown to be a blithe and buoyant lady of benevolent instincts, although not quite so inveterate a church-goer as the local vicar, the Reverend Martin Verrian, could wish. Mrs. Trecarrel's only source of annoyance is that a local fisherman, named Polwheal, appears to nourish an undying hatred against the house of Trecarrel, and, indeed, he has built on the neighbouring wild coast a sort of memorial of his contempt for the late master of Trecarrel Court. Polwheal has, however, just saved Mrs. Trecarrel's youngest child from being dashed to pieces by falling from a terrible cliff, but he presently hastens to Mrs. Trecarrel to force back upon her certain bank-notes which she, in gratitude, secretly left in his hut. She learns, anon, that the Reverend Martin—whom she has playfully nicknamed "Saint Martin," because of his good deeds among the poor—knows the secret of this hatred of Polwheal. The vicar, however, refuses to tell her of its nature. Presently, it is shown that the late Trecarrel had been married before he wedded the lady who is now his widow, and that this first wife, who died in Canada a year or so after her marriage, had been at one time Polwheal's sweetheart. Mrs. Trecarrel, on learning this news, lightly pooh-poohs the matter and sets about sending a chaise to fetch from the railway-station a new housekeeper whom she has engaged by letter. This housekeeper presently arrives, and is at once recognised by the startled clergyman as the woman whom he married years ago to the late Mr. Trecarrel!

In the second Act, which takes place outside a quaint little Cornish church on the next day (Sunday), the trouble begins in real earnest. At present, only this devout but dreadfully ill-paid Minister of the Gospel knows the terrible truth. His anguish for his hitherto happy lady friend at Trecarrel Court is intensified by the fact that he has secretly loved her from long before she married Trecarrel. In a very powerful scene, he confronts the supposed housekeeper, whom he finds prying around, and, while admitting that she is perfectly right to claim her own, insists upon breaking the awful news himself to the second Mrs. Trecarrel, who is now heard laughingly approaching in order to join her children at church.

Then follows the best scene in the play—a beautifully written scene—wherein the gentle, heart-broken parson gradually informs his dear friend of her dreadful position. At this point, Mr. Kendal, as the agonised clergyman, played more artistically than he has ever played in his life. As for Mrs. Kendal, her acting at the end of the second Act is of the most poignant as well as of the most artistic kind, and I shall not soon forget the pathetic picture of her, as the then disgraced and homeless Mrs. Trecarrel, hugging and sobbing over her now penniless children.

Of course, all comes right in the end, after the poor parson, now believing the goddess of his long, silent idolatry even poorer than himself, has confessed his love and offered to toil for her and for her beloved children. In this last Act certain little things need revision, especially the anticlimax upon which the curtain falls. But, what with the general clever intensity of the piece and the excellent acting, in which Mr. F. Fenton, as Polwheal, and Mrs. A. B. Tapping, as the supposed (you observe, I now say "supposed") first wife, ably assist, "St. Martin's Summer" provides a most interesting evening's entertainment.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.





"BY SPECIAL MESSENGER."

A DRAWING FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY BY R. PANNETT.



## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*The King's Shire Horses—Extending the "Tube"—The Relief of Piccadilly—By Mono-Rail to Brighton—A Bicycling Headquarters—Destitute Aliens—The Bogus Curios of the Strand—The Kerb Merchants and the Coronation.*

IT is not often that "The Man in the Street" gets out of London to a Shire Horse Show, but such an exception does sometimes occur. Last week the sale of the King's Shire Horses at Wolferton, the first since the King has come to the Throne, was an occasion which attracted a great number of people into Norfolk. There were some magnificent animals there, which fetched good prices, and the sight was a treat to all lovers of horses. Before the sale, Queen Alexandra drove down from Sandringham and witnessed the parade of the horses which were to be sold. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Charles of Denmark, and sat backing the horses to escape the bitter wind. Prince Charles of Denmark, who has lost his sailor looks, and Sir Dighton Probyn were also of the party, and the horses were brought up to the Queen's carriage to be admired. The Royal party were heartily cheered both coming and going, and after the parade they drove back to Sandringham. Sir Dighton Probyn stayed at

Another thing I am looking forward to is the mono-rail to Brighton. The practice of taking a week-end is spreading and will soon be universal. In summer, the problem of how to get about is solved by the bicycle, but in the weather we have been having of late the bicycle is out of it. At present, the journey to Brighton is slow and expensive, according to twentieth-century ideas, and it will be a great comfort to be able to get down to the sea in half-an-hour.

In the spring and summer, Brighton is a capital place to take as the starting-point of a bicycle-ride along the coast. If you start from London, you have to waste the best part of an hour riding through narrow streets before you get out into the country; but if it was possible to get down to Brighton in half-an-hour, we could start for a ride from that place early on Saturday afternoon, and have a good day-and-a-half's holiday. I do not care whether the job is done by the Brighton Railway Company or by a new lot, but I do hope that Parliament will let it be done soon.

And, while Parliament is about it, our legislators must not forget the Destitute Aliens. "The Man in the Street" is at last beginning to understand that England has been for years the dumping-ground of the riffraff of all the Continental nations, who expel the useless



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE KING'S SHIRE HORSE SALE AT WOLFERTON (FEB. 4).

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK, DROVE OVER FROM SANDRINGHAM TO SEE THE HORSES BEFORE THE SALE. THE GENTLEMAN STANDING BY THE CARRIAGE-DOOR IS SIR DIGHTON PROBYN.

Wolferton and represented the King in the sale-ring. Forty-five animals were sold, and they fetched a total of 8255 guineas, or an average of £192 15s. each.

Nobody is more interested in the problem of how to get about London than "The Man in the Street," and I am therefore very glad to see that there is a good chance of the useful "Tube" being extended and made into an "Innermost Circle." The idea is to turn the "Tube" south after Shepherd's Bush, its present terminus, and to return to Liverpool Street by way of Hammersmith, Kensington High Street, Piccadilly, and Charing Cross. This will relieve the Piccadilly crush in reality, and will be a far more sensible method of lessening the crowd in the street than by taking feeble shavings off the Green Park.

It will be bad for the omnibuses. Nothing was more remarkable when the "Tube" was opened than the ease given to the traffic in Oxford Street, and so it will be in Piccadilly. The east end of that thoroughfare is almost too narrow for omnibuses, but "The Man in the Street" must have his conveyances, and it will be a great comfort when they can run underground. The 'buses, however, will soon find out new cross-routes to feed the "Tube," for the more facilities there are for travelling about London the better. The old Underground, of course, does absolutely nothing to relieve the crush in Piccadilly and at Hyde Park Corner.

and diseased, and even help them to come over here and settle among us. Neither the Colonies nor the United States allow that sort of thing, and I do not see why we should. This is going to be an important matter in London politics.

Meanwhile, the Italian quarter about Saffron Hill is being attacked. Little Bath Street is coming down, and soon all that part of the world will be changed. Lincoln's Inn Fields, too, are invaded by the house-breaker, and the south-east corner has now disappeared. Another place where they are very busy is the site of the new Gaiety Theatre, where they have dug an enormous hole—too deep, I should think, for any foundations. If anyone wants bogus curios pretending to be two or three hundred years old, they are to be had not far from the Strand. I hear that there is quite a little trade in sham antiquities said to have been discovered in the pulling down of Old London.

The north side of the Strand, from Short's to Newcastle Street, used to be the favourite pitch of the kerbstone merchants, but they have been disestablished since all that part has been pulled down. Most of them have gone to Ludgate Hill, but there are a few on the south side, near Somerset House, and the latest thing on sale is a neat little gilt bust of the King. This has been sold near St. Paul's for some time past, but it is only during the last week that I have seen it in the Strand. I look on this bust as marking the commencement of the Coronation period, which we shall now have upon us very soon.





COUNTESS CADOGAN, THE VICE-QUEEN OF IRELAND.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AND LADY CADOGAN INAUGURATED THE DUBLIN SEASON BY HOLDING THEIR FIRST DRAWING-ROOM LAST WEDNESDAY.

(SEE PAGES 130 AND 131.)

*Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.*



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when I read them first."

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## "THE NEW CLOWN," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

"THE NEW CLOWN" is quite a new farce, for which one may  
well be grateful, since farces off the beaten track are very rare  
and agreeable. Indeed, it is a farce which at times is barely  
divided from comedy. All the playgoing world, one imagines, will be  
anxious to see Mr. James Welch as the unfortunate nobleman who  
tries to pass himself off as clown in a circus, and is compelled to do  
even acrobatics. For Mr. Welch is really funny in the part, which he  
plays with quiet, grim humour and an absence of the buffoonery  
which most broad-comedians would have introduced unwisely.  
Mr. H. M. Paull, the ingenious author, is lucky to have an actor  
who keeps so scrupulously in the picture and at the same time is  
exceedingly comic. The rest of the cast is very good. Indeed,  
Mr. Edward Sass gives a remarkably humorous piece of acting as  
proprietor of the circus, and Miss Nina Boucicault adds a little touch  
of poetry by her artistic work as the circus-girl. There are two  
other clever, charming young ladies in the cast, Miss Janet Alexander  
and Miss Irwin. Mr. George Shelton is always amusing, and it is  
quite remarkable to see how Mr. Blakiston gives, in one part of the  
evening, his brilliantly successful caricature of Mr. Gillette, and then in  
the new farce is totally dissimilar in voice, manner, and appearance.  
"Sheerluck Jones," which opens the ball, has really caught on.

That clever actress and brilliant fencer, Miss Esmé Beringer, will  
take the chair at the Playgoers' Club meeting at the Hôtel Cecil next  
Sunday night, when Captain Hutton will read a paper on "Stage-  
Fighting." After the discourse there will be given eight examples of  
fencing. The participants in these bouts will include the gallant  
Captain, Mr. George Silver, and the fair and gifted Chairwoman  
herself, who in her splendid impersonation of Romeo and in her  
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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Their Majesties and the Coronation.*

The King and Queen are taking the deepest personal interest in the various smaller details connected with the Coronation. British jewellers have to thank Her Majesty for what is now known as "the Tiara Order." Till quite recently there was a general impression that only coronets could be worn by Peeresses at the great pageant. Now that it is known that the Queen desires fine jewels to be worn in the shape of tiaras, there will be over a million pounds' worth of new jewellery of the kind bought, and many well-known ladies are having their gems and family jewels re-set with a view to Coronation Day. The King is in constant communication not only with the Earl-Marshall, but with all those on whom falls the responsible task of arranging the various minor details of the function, and His Majesty has already made many excellent suggestions, gathered from his vast knowledge of similar functions abroad.

The King has mapped out a busy spring for himself and the Queen. Next month their Majesties will gladden the West with their presence, and a pretty interchange of Royal courtesies will take place, for the German Emperor is sending the German cadet training-ship, the *Moltke*, to witness the laying of the first stone by our Sovereign of the new British Naval College. It is confidently believed in the South of France that the King will spend a brief holiday at Cannes this spring. Should this come to pass, *le Roi d'Angleterre* will live on board his yacht, and accept only daylight hospitality from his many friends and faithful subjects. Royal personages have to look far ahead. Already the King and Queen have promised to visit the Military Tournament on the opening day, May 22.

The German Emperor's new yacht, which Miss Roosevelt is to launch, is of fore-and-aft schooner rig, is expected to do fifteen to sixteen knots, and to cost £35,000. She is a hundred and sixty feet long and has draught fifteen feet. The main saloon will be twenty feet long and the full width of the hull. The officers' cabins are forward of the saloon, then the separate cabins for owner and guests and crew. The men's quarters are in the fore part and will accommodate about twenty sailors. Carved and polished mahogany is used for the saloons and teak for deck-work. The two masts are of Oregon pine, a hundred and five feet high.

*A Viceregal Belle.* Lord and Lady Cadogan have gathered round them a bevy of fair women and brave men, for the Viceregal Court has always been famed for both; but among the Irish Court beauties few can compare in charm and grace with their own two daughters, Lady Lurgan and Lady Sophie Scott. It rarely happens that a Viceroy's daughter is married during his term of office. This, however, was the fate of Lady Sophie, and since her marriage she has constantly been in Dublin, although last year she accompanied her husband to South Africa in their fine yacht, for, like her father, Lady Sophie delights in every form of outdoor amusement, her favourite among them being hunting.

*Lord Hugh and Party.*

The ruling Cecil Party is well known. Lord Hugh Cecil has a little group of his own. His principal colleague is Earl Percy, and the group includes Mr. Evelyn Cecil and Mr. Vicary Gibbs. It is inspired chiefly by High Churchism. A large number of relatives assembled on the floor of the House and in the gallery to hear Lord Hugh's eloquent protest against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The holy mystery of marriage was treated by the brilliant son of the Prime Minister in a transcendental manner. He failed to convince the House, but he infused such determination into the opponents of the Bill that they adopted Irish tactics and lingered in the Division Lobby so long that the measure could not then be sent to a Committee. If Lord Hugh were really to set up in Parliamentary business on his own account, he might give

friends and foes as much trouble as was given twenty years ago by Lord Randolph Churchill. Lean men are supposed to be dangerous, and Mr. Balfour's clever cousin is as lean a man as ever sat in the House. He is only thirty-three; he is very intense and intellectual and spiritually minded. Ministers must reckon with him.

Englishmen are supposed to know horses and their price. The revelations made in the House of Commons last week were humiliating to national pride and to the national sense of economy. Sir Blundell Maple, who knows a horse, secured an inquiry into the purchases in Austria-Hungary, and the report of the Committee made the Commons squirm. The official world was not grateful to Sir Blundell, but he had his reward in the praise of independent members on both sides, and so dangerous was the mood of the House that Mr. Brodrick had to reopen the subject of his own accord and promise a general inquiry into the Remount Department. Such a story of incompetence, blundering, and waste is not often told in connection with our Administration.



LADY SOPHIE SCOTT, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY CADOGAN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. William Jones, the Oxford tutor who sits for North Carnarvon, has a winning Welsh voice and a charming manner. Everybody likes him because he seems to like everybody. He puts his arm through an opponent's in the most amiable manner in the world. With a slight, slim, flexible figure, Mr. Jones has a bright face, with dark hair and short dark beard, and, as he turns his head quickly from one side to the other, he appears to take all men into his confidence. There are few more learned members than Mr. Jones, and what he does not know about Wales is not worth knowing even by Mr. Lloyd-George. The wealth of his learning and of his eloquence he poured into his speech in moving for Welsh Disestablishment, and only the harder-hearted of the Churchmen grudged him the happiness which radiated his face when the division showed there was merely a majority of forty-one against his proposal.

The Bohemian String Quartet gave their second and final concert at Bechstein Hall last Monday week. The Prague musicians have won hearty praise for their *ensemble* playing, which is as good as anything of the kind I have heard for a long time.



### An Important Engagement.

The engagement of a belted Earl is always an event of social importance, especially when his future Countess is well known and popular in the smart world. This is the case with Lord Lytton's brilliant *fiancée*, Miss Pamela Plowden, who is quite new-century in her cleverness and originality. Lord Lytton, in spite of the fact that he is still in the early twenties, is already regarded as a promising politician. He moved the Address on the occasion of the King opening Parliament in State; and is known to have all sorts of views on the licensing questions of the day. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. Gerald Balfour, and his own only brother is married to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's only child; accordingly, he has had every opportunity of hearing both sides of every question well thrashed out.

Knebworth, where Lord and Lady Lytton will live when not in town, is one of the most splendid of the stately homes of England.

Although not of great antiquity—it was built by the famous novelist, Bulwer-Lytton, the grandfather of its present owner—the mansion, inside and out, is quite old-world in appearance, and contains many beautiful specimens of old English oak furniture, as well as some fine pictures.

The Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, now well advanced in her ninetieth year, is one of the most remarkable ladies—not to say Peeresses—in the Kingdom. Married in October 1832, she has had seven sons and seven daughters, and to-day five of those sons and five of those seven daughters are living. This marvelous old lady has one son a Duke, one son-in-law (the Duke of Buccleuch) a Duke; one grandson



MISS PAMELA PLOWDEN,  
JUST ENGAGED TO LORD LYTTON, GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS  
NOVELIST.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, George Street.

(the Duke of Marlborough) a Duke; and, in the ordinary course of nature, a great-grandson of hers (the son of Lady Evelyn Cavendish) will become Duke of Devonshire. Of her living sons-in-law, one is a Marquis (the Marquis of Lansdowne) and three are Earls. The Earl of Durham is a grandson, and his nephew will be the future Earl of Pembroke. To-day the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn has no fewer than a hundred and forty descendants living, the number being made up of ten children, fifty-nine grandchildren, and seventy-one great-grandchildren.

**Lord and Lady Forester.** Lord and Lady Forester have been staying at the Coburg Hotel, Grosvenor Square, having left Willey Park, their splendid place in Shropshire, on Monday. Lord Forester and his daughter are proceeding to Nice, where they will join Mr. Dalziel's yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean, which will include Naples, Crete, Egypt, and Smyrna. Lord Forester is an ideal Englishman, straightforward, honourable, and outspoken. He takes great interest in parochial matters and parish affairs, and has twice filled the office of Mayor of Wenlock. Tall much above the average, he has no need, even if his courteous nature allowed him, to wear his hat in the Sovereign's presence, a privilege granted to his ancestor by Henry VIII. He is devoted to shooting, and rides his Humber with pluck and discretion. The Hon. Mary Forester, who accompanies her father, is a straight rider to hounds. Her trim figure and bright, handsome face are well known with the Wheatland and Albrighton packs. Lady Forester is a daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Dixie, eighth Baronet of Bosworth, County Leicester, and is one of the few who can trace her descent in unbroken line from the Plantagenets.

### A Grand-daughter of Charles Dickens Married.

An interesting wedding took place at the Oratory, Brompton, S.W., on the afternoon of the 4th inst., the bride being Miss Enid Dickens, daughter of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C. (Recorder of Maidstone), and a grand-daughter of the late Charles Dickens, the novelist; and the bridegroom Mr. Ernest Bouchier Hawksley, son



MISS ENID DICKENS.



MR. E. B. HAWKSLEY.

MARRIED ON TUESDAY, FEB. 4, AT THE ORATORY, BROMPTON, S.W.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square, S.W.

of Mr. Bouchier F. Hawksley, Solicitor to the Chartered Company of South Africa. The Rev. Father Kelly officiated and Mr. Dickens gave his daughter away. She looked very well in her wedding-dress of white satin trimmed with lace and pearl embroidery and having a long white chiffon train, which was carried by a little girl and two small boys, while behind them walked six bridesmaids, wearing charming costumes of white cloth trimmed with fur, and large white beaver hats. Mr. Edward Carlisle supported the bridegroom as best man. A large reception was afterwards held at 2, Egerton Place, S.W., the residence of the bride's parents, and later in the day the newly married couple left for Paris, Madame Adam having kindly lent them her house for the honeymoon. There were a great number of beautiful wedding-presents. The Lord Chief Justice and Miss Webster sent a silver mirror; Dr. Jameson, a superb diamond and opal necklace; Sir Henry Irving, an opal pendant; Mr. Alfred Beit, a silver tea-and-coffee service; Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, a silver bowl; Mr. and Mrs. J. Forbes-Robertson, a silver dish; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyndham, a silver card-case; Mr. and Mrs. John Hare, silver bonbon-dishes; Miss Mary Moore, a tea-cloth and doyleys; Miss Fay Davis, a large photo in frame; and another large silver bowl came from Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander.

Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") has given up her house at Dieppe, where she has lived for some ten years, and has once more settled in London.



KNEBWORTH, LORD LYTTON'S COUNTRY HOUSE. THIS STATELY RESIDENCE WAS BUILT BY BULWER-LYTTON.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.



*"With the Royal Tour."*

It gives me great pleasure to commend to readers of *The Sketch* the volume by Mr. E. F. Knight, which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of "With the Royal Tour." No one will have forgotten the story of Mr. Knight's gallantry in South Africa, where he acted some two years ago as a War Correspondent; he had the ill-fortune, it will be remembered, to lose an arm at Magersfontein. Last year, as Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, he accompanied the Royal party, and the present book is a narrative of the tour of the Duke and Duchess through Greater Britain, winding up with the speech of the Prince at the Guildhall in December last. Mr. Knight writes easily and well; he has a knack of happy description, and he has the secret of never being dull. His book is, therefore, very interesting on its own account, to say nothing of the enormous importance of the subject of which it treats. It forms a valuable memorial of the eventful and highly successful tour of their Royal Highnesses.

*Sailor and M.P. Too!*

Lord Charles Beresford, who last week hauled down his flag, will, according to his friends, make as brilliant and successful a politician as he has a sailor. He has been formally promised the next Parliamentary vacancy by those whose difficult business it is to apportion candidates to constituencies regarded as safe by the present Government, and so it is probable that he will very soon be able to once more witch the House



REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

of Commons with his practical and breezy oratory. Lord Charles entered the *Britannia* as a cadet forty-three years ago, and so it must be admitted that his first love was the Navy, but he represented the East Division of Marylebone as long ago as 1885, and he is the only modern politician who has been mentioned in the speeches of both Houses in votes of thanks for war operations. The reference, of course, was to Lord Charles's conspicuous gallantry in what may be called the *Condor* incident. "Well done, *Condor*!" has passed into a proverb; and within the last few weeks has acquired a sad significance. Lord Charles is a keen sportsman. Unlike most sailors, he is a first-rate horseman and enjoys nothing better than a good stiff day's hunting. He has long been a favourite at Court, and he is sure to be one of the social "lions" of the Coronation season.

*Railway Cycles.* Mr. Donald Menzies writes me as follows: "In your note accompanying the photograph of the railway cycle, published in your issue of the 29th ult., you state that the machines are the invention of Major Owen Lewis, of the Cape Colony Cyclist Corps. Your informant is in error, as the machines were designed solely by myself, and the first one was made and used by me in February 1900. The C.C.C. Corps was not raised until December of the same year, and it was only in August last that they started using the railway cycles, the machines being manufactured by me for them in Cape Town. Knowing Major Lewis as I do, I do not for a moment suppose that he has any idea of his name being associated with the invention of the machine, and I am sure he would be the first to disown the honour."

*Sir Harry Rawson's Appointment.*

His Majesty has been pleased to approve the appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson as Governor of New South Wales. This marks a notable departure, for it is seldom indeed that a naval officer of high rank is selected for such a post. However, since the inauguration of the new Commonwealth, all the State Governors appointed have been either military or naval men, and this fact possesses some significance, since the approval of the Colonists must have first been ascertained. Sir Harry's services in China more than forty years ago, at Alexandria, Zanzibar, on the South African Coast, and his expedition to Benin just five years since, are but items in a distinguished naval career of forty-five years, and his advice on matters concerning his profession will undoubtedly be invaluable to the new confederated States. He is one of the most popular officers in the Service, and his appointment to his present high post has been hailed with acclamation both in Australia and at home.

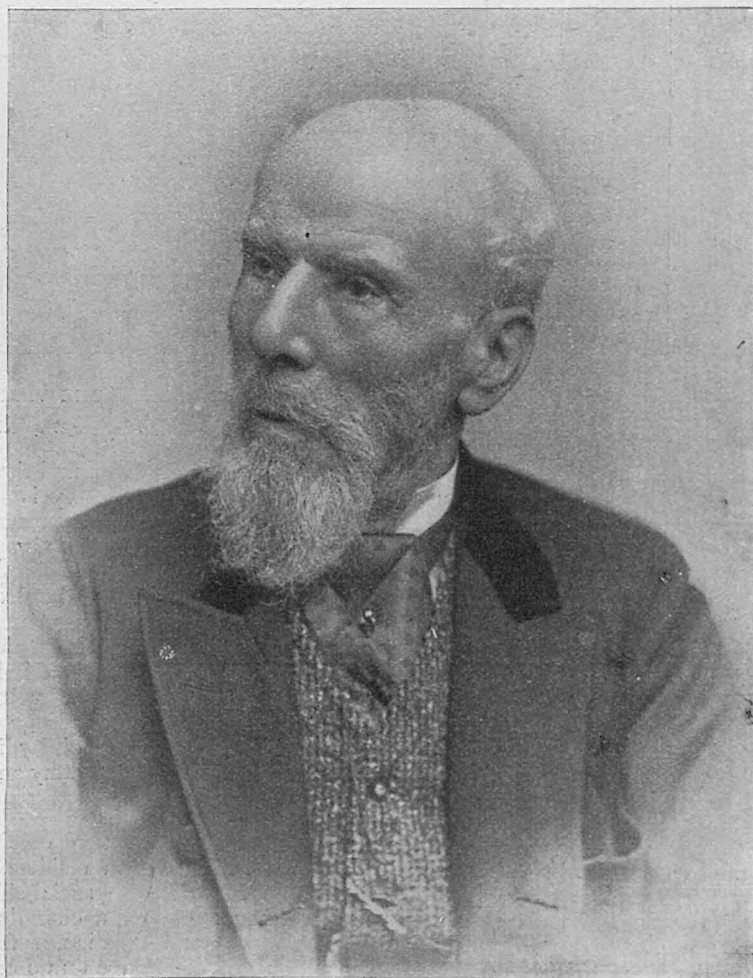


VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON,  
NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

*The late Sidney Cooper.*

The death of Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., in his ninety-ninth year, removes not only the *doyen* of Royal Academicians, but an artist whose name may be said to have been a household word. Born at Canterbury on Sept. 26, 1803, Mr. Cooper's early career was of the romantic kind. One of five children deserted by their father, he was brought up by a mother who sacrificed herself in her endeavours to give her children what education was possible in those early days of last century. A born artist, however, he pushed his way ahead, and the story of the young painter's memorable journey from Calais to Brussels, when he may be said to have "painted his way," is well known. At Brussels he—a mere lad—maintained himself by taking pupils, learning much himself in the meanwhile. The Revolution in the Low Countries forced him to return home, and his career from the time when he sold drawings at a crown apiece till his pictures fetched his own price in hundreds of pounds is sufficiently familiar.



THE LATE THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

Photograph by Brown and Bell.



*The Dublin Season.* The Dublin Season opened very brilliantly last week. On Monday the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan gave a "Royal" dinner-party, the guests being invited to meet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Of course, general interest centred on the first Dublin Drawing-Room, also graced by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their elder daughter. On that occasion Lady Cadogan elected to appear in a beautiful gown of black poplin embroidered in silver. Many Irish Peeresses were present, including Lady Erne, who brought Lady Mabel Crichton; Lady Annesley, accompanied by her step-daughter; Lady Clarina, Lady Waterford, and Lady Chelsea. Their Excellencies had a large house-party, and the scene in the fine old Throne-Room of Dublin Castle, where Drawing-Rooms are always held, was really brilliant. Irish Drawing-Rooms always take place in the evening, and this adds greatly to the enjoyment of those present. The Lord-Lieutenant and his Vice-Queen stand in front of the Throne, but the actual presentations are made only to the Viceroy, who from time immemorial used to enjoy the privilege of saluting each debutante on the cheek. This year, in accordance with the wish of the King, the Lord-Lieutenant simply shook hands with each curtsying damsel who passed before him.

#### *A War Minister's Son.*

The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery has been in town for a few days, and doubtless feels the relief which a hotel affords from the labours of hospitality and the cares of a household. It is fortunate that he likes travelling, as he is Hereditary Visitor of Jesus College, Oxford. He has lately been in Ireland, where he possesses valuable property in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Mount Merion, his residence there, is situated about four miles from the Irish Metropolis and has some charming views of the bay and Wicklow Mountains; and it is in the fitness of things that the daughter of so prominent a landowner should have been presented to the Viceroy at the recent Drawing-Room in Dublin. Lord Pembroke has never resided much in Ireland, as he has two other places—Wilton House, near Salisbury, where the late festivities in connection with the coming-of-age of his son, Lord Herbert, took place; and Hillingdon Place, near Uxbridge. He is a spare, handsome man, deservedly popular with all classes. His Lordship is doubly an Earl, being fourteenth holder of the Pembroke Earldom and eleventh Earl of Montgomery. An ancestor had the rare honour of being installed a Knight of the Garter whilst only a commoner. Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert, who lately sold his beautiful



LORD CADOGAN, THE VICEROY OF IRELAND, IN HIS STUDY.

Photograph by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Even during the Dublin Season Lord and Lady Cadogan find time to get through a great deal of unofficial work. The Viceroy is an energetic and hard-working Peer. Before he accepted his present high post, he managed very successfully his great estates, and always seemed equally at home in the Court and the grove. Accordingly, he did not find his duties as temporal ruler of Ireland so hard as have done some of his predecessors. Lady Cadogan has been indefatigable in promoting in every way possible Irish industries both great and small. She may be said to have resuscitated, in a fashionable sense, that lovely material, Irish poplin; she wears Limerick and Carrickmacross lace in preference to the many English and French varieties; and even when spending a brief holiday in London, she finds time to enlist her English friends' sympathy and interest in Irish matters.

The Lord-Lieutenant and his Vice-Queen have two official residences—Dublin Castle, where the Irish Court is now in residence, and where most of the great functions connected with the social side of Dublin life take place, and the Viceregal Lodge, a charming country house in the Phoenix Park. The Viceregal Lodge is now full of historic memories. It was from a window of the Lodge that Lord Spencer saw—without, of course, realising in the least what was going on—the scuffle which ended in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke; and it was at the Viceregal Lodge that Queen Victoria stayed on the memorable occasion of her last visit to Ireland.

place, Muckross Abbey, is also of this historic family. Lord Pembroke is a son of Sidney Herbert, the great War Minister.

#### *A Brilliant Parodist.*

Under the title of "Coronation Odes," Mr. Anthony Deane is writing, in the *World*, a series of very clever parodies. Last week he burlesqued Mr. Stephen Phillips in this way—

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ULYSSES."

Dawns the impetuous flush of the great day,  
Day of high deed and lofty festival,  
Which through long months our citizens have looked  
For. Then on the ruler's head shall rest  
The incomparable sign of sovereignty.  
We crown, we crown the King; ah, yes, we crown the  
King! Wherefore I, I who have worn a crown,—  
The Academic crown of poesy  
(A hundred guineas net its actual worth),—  
Strenuously lift my voice and carol like  
Anything.

Mark the cadence of my verse,  
My individual note!—As when the guard  
Sees the far lamp significantly red,  
Applies the brake, and suddenly the train  
Stops, likewise in my immemorial lines  
Quite unexpectedly I pull you up  
Short. Tennyson could not do it; no, nor Keats.

I wish I had space to quote the remainder.



OPENING OF THE DUBLIN SEASON

BEAUTIFUL DÉBUTANTES AT THE FIRST DRAWING-ROOM.



MISS FLORENCE RICHARDSON.



MISS WALKER CRAIG.



MRS. BERTRAND BOILEAU.



LADY MABEL ANNESLEY.



MRS. WISDOM HELY.



MISS SEDGWICK.



MISS MAUDE STEVENSON.



LADY BRADY.



MRS. W. HERBERT BOYD.

*Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.*



*The Dominion of  
the Air.*

M. Alberto Santos-Dumont has, as all the world knows, been staying at Monte Carlo lately. Invited by the Prince of Monaco to take up his quarters in the tiny Principality, M. Santos-Dumont there built himself another air-ship, and, this completed, he began his experiments



M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN THE CAR OF HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

on Jan. 28. At half-past ten in the morning he made his trial-trip, and, after going round the Bay of Monaco, he descended. In the afternoon he again circled the bay and gave an admirable demonstration of delicate handling of his machine by making it follow the line of the Boulevard Condamine at a very short distance from the ground. During his flights in Paris M. Santos-Dumont was entirely alone in his fragile willow car, but he has now so improved the carrying power and navigability of the machine that not only did it convey himself and his friend, M. Aimé, with perfect ease, but its speed was so great that a forty-ton steam-yacht which accompanied him during his circuits of the bay and a trip out to sea of about a mile was quite outstripped. Indeed, M. Santos-Dumont himself says that he could have crossed the Mediterranean with ease.

*The Kaiser's  
Anniversary.*

On Sunday, Feb. 9 (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), the German Emperor celebrated with great pomp the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occasion of his entering as a Lieutenant the First Regiment of Foot Guards. Divine service was held in the regimental church at ten o'clock in the morning, and then a parade took place of all the officers and non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment. All manner of deputations were then received by His Majesty, who at the close of these formal proceedings went and lunched with his regiment in the officers' mess. A very handsome present was given to the Kaiser by the officers and men who were members of

the regiment at the time of the Emperor joining. It consists of an exact reproduction of the beautiful monument to be seen on the battlefield of St. Privat. The miniature is made of white marble and bears on its face the words: "To our brave, never to be forgotten Comrades, William the Second and his First Regiment of Foot Guards." On the other side a silver plate is inscribed with the words: "To His Majesty the Emperor and King, William the Second, humbly presented by Former Officers and Men of the First Foot Guards." Rising from the pedestal is a silver figure representing a mourning Angel of Victory. Accompanying the present is an artistic address in a case emblazoned with the Star of the Guards and bearing the dates "1877—9 February—1902."

*Kaiser's Present to  
Count Waldersee.*

The Kaiser has presented to his Field-Marshal, Count Waldersee, a handsome gift in memory of the Chinese Campaign—or "punitive expedition," as the Kaiser always calls it. The present is an old Chinese gun, cast by Chinese under the direction of the Jesuits, weighing thirty-five hundredweight, and bearing on the muzzle Chinese hieroglyphics to the effect that the gun is about two hundred and fifty years old.

*Prince Henry of  
Prussia.*

Prince Henry of Prussia left Berlin for Kiel on Sunday, and was seen off at the Lehrter Station by a goodly assemblage of the American Embassy. The German Emperor is sending through his brother a load of presents to America—to President Roosevelt, Miss Alice Roosevelt, and others. To Miss Roosevelt the Kaiser is sending an exquisite little jewel-case richly studded with diamonds and bearing in the centre of the lid a miniature portrait of himself. On the top of the jewel-case the Kaiser's monogram is to be seen set with beautiful diamonds. Many presents accompany this gift, consisting mostly of gold and silver cigar- and cigarette-cases, gold scarf-pins, gold cuff-links, and



M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S RECENT EXPERIMENTS AT MONACO: THE AIR-SHIP IN THE BAY OF MONACO.

so forth. A member of the American Embassy in Berlin remarked the other day with some point that, although the feeling between America and Germany would, no doubt, be considerably influenced by Prince Henry's visit, yet, as far as practical politics were concerned, no change whatever would result therefrom. "This," of course, stands to reason. We all know what thoroughly business-like people our cousins in America are: they are not the kind of people to be readily persuaded into any line of politics by a friendly and, as some people are inclined to think, rather too pointed visit.

*Death of an  
Aéronaut.*

One of the foremost of Germany's aeronauts has just lost his life through an accident which happened to his balloon (adds my Berlin Correspondent). Captain von Sigsfeld—for that is the name of the unfortunate man—had successfully ballooned from Berlin to Antwerp in the new balloon, "Berson," with his friend, Dr. Linke, when suddenly they noticed that the supply of gas was giving out very rapidly. They both determined to leave the balloon to its fate and leap down to the earth as soon as they arrived within measurable distance. Dr. Linke succeeded in so doing and escaped with only a few scratches. Captain von Sigsfeld, however, caught his foot in the tow-rope and was immediately killed by having his head dashed on the ground; he was then dragged a distance of over fifty yards. Dr. Linke complains most bitterly of the way in which he was treated by the Belgian gendarmes.



M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S RECENT EXPERIMENTS AT MONACO: THE AIR-SHIP AS SEEN FROM MONTE CARLO.

Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flavien, Paris.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Otero and the Pope.* The somewhat violent reception of La Belle Otero at Bologna (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), particularly as it was headed by Gabriele d'Annunzio, has been very badly received in Paris. Otero has for years been one of Lutticia's glories, and the Italian author who caused the riot has been very courteously received on every occasion. I am told that the trouble arose in this way: Otero, being at Rome, naturally visited St. Peter's. The rumour that she was in the building spread, so many a prayer was left half-breathed and she became the figure-head of a crowd. This was bad enough for the beautiful Spaniard, but the rumour was circulated that she had caused a disturbance because the Pope had refused to give her audience. This stupid story reached Bologna, and hence the religious riot in the theatre.

*Sceptreless Sarah.* There must be one joke let loose in Paris every week. Sarah Bernhardt generously comes forward this time. When she put on "Théodora," by Sardou, she announced that, at the end of the run of the revival, she would hand over the dresses she wore and the crown and sceptre to the Musée Carnavalet, to be guarded for all time as a specimen of the luxury of stage-mounting in the twentieth century. And now she is deprived of the sceptre, valued at 25,000 francs, because the jeweller refuses to hand it over till she has paid an additional 10,000 francs. Sarah has, accordingly, to be contented with a pantomime specimen of splendour in the great Court Scene, and little she likes it.

*Le Théâtre Anglais.* I am sure that a more exquisite little theatre than that in the Musée Grévin now devoted to English plays could not be found the wide world over. And that is only a detail. Between the Acts you can stroll into the refreshment-room with delightful Tzigane music, or, free, gratis, and for nothing, wander through the galleries of the Paris Tussaud's—and smoke. Mr. Rellaw, who is the moving spirit, has done well with "His Excellency the Governor," and he is already assured of the liberal support of the English Colony, from the Embassy downward. Just one word of friendly criticism. I have seen Mr. Rellaw, who is an excellent sportsman, taking a meritorious position in a football team, and, accordingly, he knows the value of combination. That is exactly what for the moment is lacking in his Company. The style is uneven, but, as I know that he has his heart in his task, a permanent English theatre in Paris should become a feature of ever-encroaching England. At any rate, good luck to him!

*Réjane's New Play.* I believe Réjane is a Parisian actress, but I sometimes have my doubts. A glance at a London paper tells me that she is scoring a success at some theatre; anon I see a German, an American, or a Russian journal, and there it is the same story. But Paris is one of the few cities that the great actress loves. She came back, and all Paris turned out to see "La Passerelle," and in the hope of cheering her and associating in one more Vaudeville triumph with Réjane *en vedette*. Alas and alack, it was a failure! I sat with Mr. George R. Sims some time back in the Fall, and he was analysing a play that he contemplated adapting for

London. He pointed out to me that the disappearance of a hero or heroine during half the drama was not good playwrighting, and that is what happens in "La Passerelle." And to make the ever-younger Réjane appear in one scene as an ugly scarecrow of a spectacled German governess is almost immoral.

This might have, at least, been left to politicians. Up till this year, the Queen of Queens for the Mi-Carême has been chosen by the students of the Latin Quarter. There was in general three candidates, and the vote decided the lady who for one day should be the Queen of Paris and be received at the Elysée by the President and his wife. This year, though, I am informed from a good source that the hot-headed lads will each stick to the lady they plumped for and organise rival processions.

The last time I saw Albert Cellarius his whole manner was so strange that I was little surprised to hear a few months later that he was in a lunatic asylum. The poor chap had got mixed up in the Rochefort-Drumont school of politics, and had, in addition, taken over the direction of the "Trianon." His father has just committed suicide. His final utterances to the world are interesting. He, like his son, was disgusted with the death of dancing. He had introduced the Parisian quadrille as an elegant measure, and he saw it degenerate into a mad, reckless charivari of a dance. His will was, in general, distinctly curious. The old gentleman was tired of these worldly goods because the modern waltz was worse than a hornpipe-dance, the minuet a mere skipping and running match, and, in his opinion, dancing was a dead-letter. So he decided to die, and did so.

*Cost of a Slip.* I saw Rostand at the Odéon, the other day, surrounded by a crowd of friends. The famous author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" seemed utterly broken down. Those unfortunate words in his ode to the Czarina at Compiègne, "C'est une Impératrice," have been his ruin. The idea of a carpet speaking to the chairs and tables has been seized upon by every *revue* writer. Rostand calls the attack and criticism "abominable," but ridicule kills in France.



GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Otto, Paris.



MONTE CARLO, WHERE THE PIGEON-SHOOTING CONTEST FOR THE GRAND PRIX HAS JUST TAKEN PLACE.

*A Coronation Visitor.*

Perhaps the most beautiful of the many fair Princesses who will be present at the Coronation is the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia. The daughter of Princess Alice, King Edward's much-loved sister, the Grand Duchess is thought by many people to be the best-looking of the late Sovereign's many descendants. She has had a romantic life, for at one time the present German Emperor wished to marry her, but was prevented from doing so by Bismarck. The Grand Duke Serge is one of the Czar's younger uncles; he is clever and studious, and some years ago he and his beautiful wife visited the Holy Land. Their home is near Moscow, but of late the Grand Duchess has been constantly with her sister, the Empress.

*Pigeon-Shooting at Monte Carlo.*

Monte Carlo is not only the gambler's Mecca, it is also the greatest pigeon-shooting centre on the Continent. The contest for the Grand Prix has just taken place there, and the excitement was particularly great, the betting being higher than for several years past. As time went on, all interest centred in the performances of Mr. Wood and M. Grasselli (whose brother won the Grand Prix in 1897), and the latter finally proved victor. Lord Rosslyn, who spent his brief moments of leisure from his "system" in the shooting-galleries, was fifth.



### I SEND A VALENTINE—TO DOLLIE.

I TRUST, my dear Dollie, that, in addition to our other negative sins, we shall not be guilty of the death of the Valentine. St. Valentine's Day is a vivid patch of sentiment standing out in cheerful relief against a drab background of matters-of-fact. True, it is sometimes made the occasion—by that

ineffable bore, the Practical Joker—of unveiled insult and witless buffoonery. Sometimes, again, St. Valentine's Day forms the excuse for indulgence in anonymous abuse and petty ebullitions of spite. By the majority, however, it will always be regarded as the first day of Love's spring, when the tender buds of the young man's incipient affection may pluck up courage to thrust their heads from out the soil of nature, and the sunny rays of girlish response may shine down encouragingly from the blue vault of modest maidenhood.

You don't know, I am sure, the history of St. Valentine's Day, and so I will combine a little instruction with my attempts at amusement and tell you. It is not quite certain as to which Saint the day commemorates, because there were, altogether, fifty-two Valentines. I don't mean that the fifty-two Saints were ever all together—Heaven, in its mercy, probably ordered otherwise. But the fact remains that no less than fifty-two people of the name of Valentine obtained the prefix of Saint, so that it is difficult to be quite certain which of them it was that originally developed into an opportunity for the exchange of gushing *billets-doux*.

Personally, I prefer to assign the honour to that Saint Valentine, presbyter and martyr, who was, on the fourteenth of February, beheaded. At the first mention of the incident, it sounds rather like an ugly Valentine, but wait until you hear the historic tale. My Saint Valentine, then, was arrested and thrown into chains at the instance of the Emperor Claudius. He was handed over to Calpurnius, who employed a certain Asterius to try to win the presbyter back to idolatry. (I hope I am not boring you, my dear Dollie.) Valentine—having, I presume, a good deal of spare time on his hands—miraculously healed the blind daughter of Asterius, and this is where we

begin to get into touch with the love element. In consequence of the miracle, Asterius believed, and was baptised with all his house. You may note, incidentally, that the master of the house, in those halcyon days, was really the master, for, whenever he became converted, he at once saw to it that all his family were converted in time to be baptised with him. We never hear of any trouble with over-educated daughters or self-willed second-housemaids. I don't know why he should have been so anxious to make a wholesale affair of the ceremony. It could not have been from motives of economy, because there is no fee, of course, for baptism, despite the fact that the late author of "The Importance of Being Earnest" constantly alludes to the extravagance of being re-christened.

However, to get back to our story. After a long imprisonment, St. Valentine was beaten with clubs and beheaded on the Flaminian Way. My authority does not tell me whether he was really in love with the daughter of Asterius whose blindness he healed, but I feel sure he must have been. Anyhow, there is a very pretty origin of St. Valentine's Day.



Just about here, my dear Dollie, I begin to feel that I myself ought to say something pretty on this occasion to you yourself. You will not, I hope, attempt to upset my opinion that you are a sentimental person, and my weaknesses in that respect are too well known for me to waste my time in denying their existence. In this matter, however, I am not quite sure of my ground. You see, I am such a very old thing, and you are such a very young one, that it would be idle for me to promise you the devotion of a lifetime. One would naturally be ashamed of so meagre an offering. Similarly, it would be obviously ridiculous were I to assert that my heart is thine and thy heart mine. They aren't, you know. Mine is a dilapidated kind of affair that has travelled all over the world of Love under Cupid's guidance, whilst yours, so far from knowing how to fly, has hardly learned, as yet, how to flutter.

For the same reason, it is not allowed me to allude to you as my twin self, or the light of my eyes. How, then, shall I word my Valentine that it may be in

strict accordance with the rules of the game? . . . . After mature consideration, I think, perhaps, I shall write you down, tritely enough, as my guiding star. You are rather a star, you know. For one thing, you shine very brightly in my firmament, illumining many a murky passage and dreary channel. Again, you twinkle; the roguishness in your nature, bubbling up unexpectedly until it overflows at your dear eyes, is accountable for that.

I don't know if stars do anything else in addition to shining and twinkling. Perhaps they have little secrets amongst themselves that they whisper across the deep ocean of the heavens when sluggish mortals are snuzzling and snoring on their pillows. If they have, then I am still able to make comparison with the merry little people and yourself, for I often hear your voice in my ear and feel your breath against my cheek when I know you to be some hundred-and-odd miles away. The only point at which my simile fails is that I am so far from resembling a twinkling thing of any kind myself.

Ah, well! If I go on in this sort of way, I shall presently find myself in a serious vein. Let me pull up short at once, then, for everyone knows that a Valentine is essentially a flippant affair, and by no means to be regarded as evidence. The fourteenth of February over, we wake up on the morning of the fifteenth with a stretch and a yawn, and hope to goodness that the versifier whose wares we purchased has not committed us to any serious pledge of constancy. Our object, of course, has been to give a little pleasure, flatter a little vanity, and so go on our unmolested way. I must therefore ask you, my dear Dollie, to attach no importance to the fact that you are my guiding star. Heaven alone knows how long you may be destined to lighten my darkness; perhaps, even before we meet again, you may have become merged in that stream of indistinguishable acquaintances known to the astronomers of philosophy as the Milky Way.

Chicot

CUPID.  
IN THE  
FLESH.



THE UGLY VALENTINE.







A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.  
CALYPSO (MISS NANCY PRICE) ENDEAVOURS TO DISSUADE ULYSSES (MR. BEERBOHM TREE) FROM RETURNING HOME TO PENELOPE.

## SO HO! FOR THE ROD AND LINE!

## SOME FAMOUS SALMON-FISHERS.

THE sportsman who has very literally two strings to his bow and who is equally content whether he be shooting or angling sees January close in with more philosophy than does the man to whom shooting is the be-all and end-all of sport. The story goes that one well-known Peer makes a point of eating on Feb. 11 a brace of grouse which has been kept in ice from the previous Dec. 10, but he is one of those fortunate people whose salmon-river is even more noted than is his moor.

## IZAAK WALTON'S ROYAL DISCIPLE.

Of course, the most enthusiastic of Royal anglers is the Prince of Wales. He has been a most ardent votary of the art so dear to Izaak Walton since the days when he was a little boy and was allowed to go out with one of Queen Victoria's most trusted keepers in order to fish the famous Royal stretches of the Dee. His Royal Highness has enjoyed good sport on all the more famous salmon-rivers of the North, but he is said to have observed that Ireland was the angler's paradise, and those interested in the subject think that the day will come when "the distressful country" will reap almost as rich a harvest from angling enthusiasts as now does Scotland, and when this comes to pass Ireland should remember gratefully the kindly Prince who early gave her so great a testimonial.

## PEERS WHO ARE FISHERS.

The Duke of Bedford and his charming Duchess are both so fond of salmon-fishing that, before the Duke succeeded his elder brother as head of the house of Russell, they made their home in Scotland greatly in order that they might the better enjoy their favourite form of sport. Though the Duke and Duchess still make a point of renting each year one of the most famous stretches of salmon-fishing in Scotland, they are content, when on the Duke's property in Buckinghamshire, to follow their favourite amusement in the pools and shallows of the Ouse. Lord Warwick is said to have been one of those who pointed out to the Prince of Wales the superior charm of Irish rivers over others. Scarce a winter goes by but he and a party of friends spend a few weeks on the Blackwater. The Duke of Portland also makes an annual winter pilgrimage to Inverness-shire, where he and other enthusiasts greatly enjoy fishing the lovely Garry. Lord Garioch is one of the most successful and notable of angler Peers, and for some years past he has fished very successfully a famous reach on the Dee.

## POLITICAL FISHERMEN.

There are many stalwart Members of Parliament who must to-day be sighing that their duties keep them within call of Westminster. Of these certainly the most enthusiastic is Sir Edward Grey, who is said to have been once arrested, while a Cabinet Minister, for poaching on a little-known river! Sir Herbert Maxwell, who is one of the most versatile and many-sided of statesmen, is not only an enthusiastic angler, but takes a literary interest in the all-absorbing subject, and

his book, "Salmon and Sea-Trout," is a two-year-old classic. Yet another politician who takes a far more than simply personal interest in fishing is Mr. W. H. Grenfell, who has made more than one gallant attempt to resuscitate the Thames as a salmon-river. According to Mr. Grenfell, there is no reason in the world why the angler should not enjoy his favourite sport as well on the Thames as elsewhere. His excellent project has been taken up with enthusiasm, and the Thames Salmon Association has had offers of breeding-salmon grounds from Lord Boston, Lord Carrington, and, last but not least, from Mr. Crosbie Gilbey, in whose famous Denham fishery the experiment of breeding salmon for the Thames has been tried.

## FAMOUS SALMON-RIVERS.

It would be a delicate and difficult matter to decide which is the best salmon-river in Scotland. Probably, honours lie between the Dee, the Tay, and the Spey; but it must be admitted that many enthusiasts place the Tweed and Teviot above the other three, and wonderful stories are told of sport obtained on the Delfur, the Knockando, and Carron waters, the Thurso, the Brora, and the Conan. In Ireland, the Blackwater is by far the best-known salmon-river, especially famous being the lovely stretch of Carysville; but the Shannon has many devotees, and Lord Bandon's waters on the Lee are famous.

## AN EXTRAVAGANT SPORT?

Those who delight in the statistics of sport have much to say concerning the wonderful rentals now paid by those enthusiasts to whom money is little or no consideration. The fishing rights of the Tay alone are said to yield their fortunate owners over £20,000 a-year, while the yield of salmon has been estimated by some at the enormous sum of £60,000 each season. Every year the prices go up, and rentals which twenty years ago, say in 1880, were worth £300 to £500 a-year, are now easily let at three times those figures. A modest stretch of the kind that would be disdained by noted anglers will let for £20 a-week, and fortunate is the hotel-keeper whose hostelry can offer its guests the fishing rights over even the smallest and most insignificant of trout-streams.

## A MEMORIAL FOR MAGERSFONTEIN HILL.

A colossal Celtic cross, constructed of granite and ornately engraved, intended for erection on Magersfontein Hill as a memorial of the officers and men who fell at Magersfontein, has just been completed at Aberdeen. The five shields carved at the base of the shaft bear the regimental crests of the Black Watch, Seaforths, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Highland Light Infantry. The following inscription in bold lettering appears on the pedestal: "Erected by Scots the world over in memory of the officers and men of the Highland regiments who fell at Magersfontein, December 11, 1899." Sir Donald Currie has arranged that the cross, weighing about twelve tons, shall be conveyed by one of his vessels free of charge to Cape Town, where officials of the Union Castle Line will see that it is forwarded to the Modder River. On arrival it will be taken in hand by the Kimberley Diamond Fields Association, who will supervise its erection on a commanding site.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY.



SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.



## "THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY THE COMPARATIVE CHILD.

## I.—AT THE APOLLO.

IT was a bitterly cold night when I paid my official visit to the Apollo Theatre. The cab-horses were shivering; the policemen were stamping their feet; the paper-boys were clapping their frozen hands. But once inside the stage-door of the cosy little house, and one forgot the biting wind and the pitiless frost.

Everything is bang up-to-date at the Apollo. Impatient visitors at the stage-door are not compelled to stand in a draught and be elbowed by messengers and supper-carriers. On the contrary, there are cushioned seats to rest them, hot-water pipes to warm them, and a highly intelligent stage-door keeper to entertain them with the latest Court gossip, political monstrosity, or military disaster.

As the representative of *The Sketch*, of course, I was soon hurried through the impassable doors and ushered into the private sanctum of Mr. George Stephenson, the stage-manager. Mr. Stephenson, despite the fact that he was measuring out other people's salaries and alleviating his own toothache, welcomed me with cheery words and philosophical grins. On the wall of his room, just over the desk, there was pinned a cartoon of him by the incorrigible G. P. Huntley, who has made himself famous in London by his performance of the Earl of Plantagenet in "Kitty Grey."

Presently all the gold was gone, and then we took a turn round the stage and the dressing-rooms. I noted, amongst other things, that there was plenty of stage-room, that the dressing-rooms were all scrupulously clean, comfortable, roomy, and that there was a new and complicated-looking appliance for manipulating the "flies" and scene-cloths. Mr. Stephenson did his best to explain it to me, but I'm afraid I was rather inattentive. And no wonder, for I had caught sight of the inscription, "Miss EDNA MAY," over a certain door, and was all eagerness to renew my acquaintance with the charming little American lady. So I knocked at the certain door, gave my name, and was greeted with the sweetest of smiles and the kindest of welcomes. Miss May had just donned the comic-opera attire of her hated rival, Kitty Grey, and was looking charming in her short skirts, low-necked bodice, dainty shoes, and still daintier stockings. She upbraided me for not giving her some warning of my visit, so that she might have had her room "tidied up"; but, bless you, everything was as neat as the proverbial new pin. I said as much, and received a grateful smile of acknowledgment from the dresser. (Nothing like having friends at Court.)

The illustration on this page shows Miss May in the pretty bathing-wrap that she wears in the first Act of "Kitty Grey." On the

dressing-table, the well-informed playgoer will observe portraits of Mr. Maurice Farkoa and Mr. G. P. Huntley, whilst the little lady with the long hair who is looking heavenwards from a position above the looking-glass is Miss May's little sister. This little sister is already an adept in matters theatrical, and is perfecting her education by frequently accompanying her celebrated protectress to the theatre. She was behind the scenes at the Apollo on the night of my visit. Miss Jane May, another of the "Belle's" sisters, is also engaged at the Apollo.

Just as Miss May had finished asking me to tea at her new house, there was a call for the Baroness de Tregue, and I accompanied her

on to the stage whilst she spoke to the Earl of Plantagenet from behind the screen. Then I made my adieux and wandered into the apartment of Mr. Maurice Farkoa.

Mr. Farkoa's room is decorated all around with Cecil Aldin's cheery and original nursery wall-paper. I have never seen this wall-paper in a theatrical dressing-room before, but it looks exceedingly well. I also noted portraits of Phil May, Richard Green, and many other good fellows. Mr. Farkoa himself was in excellent spirits and first-rate voice.

Passing on, I came to the abode of the humorous G. P. Huntley, who had just concluded his screaming ten-minutes' monologue in Kitty Grey's dressing-room. Like most comedians, Mr. Huntley was intensely serious, and manifested an unmistakable desire to discuss with me the state of affairs in South Africa and the present position of the Opposition with regard to everything under the sun. However, I found a better theme of conversation than these, for in the very centre of his dressing-table was a dear little portrait of Miss Eva Kelly in a dear little silver frame. Then I remembered that the clever pair had just been united in wedlock, and congratulated the happy bridegroom on his exceeding good

luck. He beamed upon me. We were still admiring the portrait in the frame when another dear friend put in an appearance in the person of the incomparable Miss Ada Reeve. Miss Reeve, it appeared, had a bone to pick with me, so we set to work at once and made quite a little meal of the matter. It was in this way. I had written— But, no! On second thoughts, it was quite a private bone, so I don't see why I should make soup of it in public. I will say, however, that we parted on excellent terms.

Altogether, it was quite a merry time that I had with the happy little family party at the Apollo. And they ought to be happy, these children, for they have a delightful piece, a very comfortable theatre, and are all, I have no doubt, making their fortunes as fast as possible. Even the intelligent stage-door keeper beamed upon me as I passed out, and the "business" has to be pretty good before a stage-door keeper chortles.



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS EDNA MAY IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Levés and How to Attend Them—Walking an Expensive Luxury—Royalty at the Theatres—Will Intellect be Fashionable?—Should One Kiss a Pretty Girl?—The Hostess's "Recruiting Difficulty."*

LIFE in London may be said to be formally reopened this week with the King's first Levée, for, after all, the meeting of Parliament, we must remember, was for work as well as for social purposes. No doubt, attendance at a Levée is not a guarantee of anything in particular, except that one is not "a person of damaged reputation"; still, even this is something, and let us build as much as possible upon it while we can. London has really been so melancholy for a year or more that it is quite exhilarating to brush once more past Duchesses in Bond Street and nod to an Earl (whether he returns the salutation or not) in Piccadilly. No doubt, it costs a good deal to walk through the Park—an irreproachable suit of clothes and two hours' hard work putting it on, and the dazzling splendour of one's appearance has to be lived up to.

Cabmen cannot be reasoned with or a curb placed on the financial enterprise of restaurant proprietors. Servants display a dignified and expensive deference. The glove manufactory and cigar emporium hasten to mark one's social standing and pay a graceful compliment to one's imposing bearing by inflating market prices fifty per cent. A silk hat the height of fashion in January is hopelessly obsolete in February. The 'bus and the half-crown lunch are no longer possible. Trade follows the Court—and it is not well for the shopkeepers who have hung on for two years on credit obtained on the strength of a Coronation harvest?

Within the next five months the new reign can for the first time really show its influence on London. It will certainly benefit the theatres, which have during a few weeks enjoyed more "immediate patronage" from the Throne than for generations. The stage will also benefit by the new rules of procedure in the House. The M.P. can get away at 7.15, and, once in his stall, all the Whips in the world cannot get him back by nine o'clock. He can also dine at last like a gentleman, for even an English dinner can be scrambled through in three hours. A revival is prophesied of the fashionable salon for "the great lights of politics, art, and literature," so that some of us will meet with our due recognition at last, though the bold experiment of introducing intellect too freely into Society life has its dangers. But it may be questioned whether the "celebrity," who has not social qualifications of birth, wealth, or simply manner and ability to dress well, can ever be anything more than a nine days' wonder in smart drawing-rooms.

Up till now the London hostess has had to face an embarrassing dilemma. If she lived in seclusion and dressed in half-mourning, she was snobbishly pretending to intimacy with the Royal Family. If she entertained freely, she was a heartless pleasure-seeker or notoriety-hunter. Secondly, if she was exclusive and asked only undeniable people to her parties, she had practically to do without young men (who were in South Africa). Recruits had to have "the tape run lightly over them" in a social sense, and bonuses offered of elaborate dinners and week-ends. Unless the War really does begin to end, the young men at "the Front" will be too old and decrepit for flirtation purposes.

The kissing now to be abolished at the Drawing-Rooms was, of course, a survival of the customs of generations ago, when even men kissed each other, as on the Continent and even in our own Royal Family to the present day. William IV. had to kiss each Peer at his Coronation, though he made desperate efforts to avoid kissing the Bishops; however, in saluting the pretty débutantes at Drawing-Rooms His Majesty showed a gracious readiness to exert himself in the preserving of ancient tradition.

There are additional reasons against the otherwise excellent practice in these days of extensive make-up—often laid on with a trowel, so much so that it would require persistent and industrious osculation to penetrate through the superimposed strata to the young lady concealed underneath. I speak not from experience, but from observation, as Mark Twain explains in his moral advice to the young.

There are, it is said, five thousand people anxious to be at the first Drawing-Room, and adding, perhaps, a thousand who may be away for health, pleasure, or business, we get the number of those with any claim to consider themselves in "Society." Of course, there are very many more who could be and do not want to; are they not written in Debrett? But it is expected that these enormous numbers will be reduced by the constant presence of the Sovereign in London, who evidently intends to move with a freedom and absence of ceremonial to which we have been long unaccustomed. A century ago, not five hundred people would have come up to town to go to Court.

HILL ROWAN.

## SIR ARCHIBALD MILMAN, K.C.B.

*The late Clerk of the House of Commons Tells Some of the Most Striking Episodes during his Long Term at the Table of the House.*

WHAT has been the most striking scene in the House of Commons during the last forty years—a period in which the House has been prolific in striking scenes? Most people out of the House whose knowledge of the Mother of Parliaments is derived from the perusal of the daily newspaper would at once jump to the conclusion that it must have occurred in the stormy days when Home Rule dominated the thought of the country, or during some of the episodes in which the liberties of the subject were fought for, as, for instance, the question of the taking of the oath by Mr. Bradlaugh.

Not so Sir Archibald Milman, who, in spite of the fact that he has not yet recovered from the ill-health which made his retirement from the Table a matter of necessity, although of regret to the members on both sides of the House, yet graciously consented to receive a representative of *The Sketch*. When he was asked the question, he paused for a moment, weighing mentally the claims of one or two memorable occasions, and then said with conviction—

"The most striking scene I recall was undoubtedly that when Sir Stafford Northcote announced that the Fleet had received orders to go up to Constantinople. Everybody knew what that meant. We felt that we were now to be involved in a European War to defend the indefensible Turk. The Government was in great embarrassment just then, and against them was arrayed Mr. Gladstone with his overwhelming eloquence and with the Liberal Party at his back. They had the distinct personal pledge of the Emperor of Russia that, though he might be forced to occupy Constantinople, he would not retain it. Dared the autocrat fulfil his pledge with a victorious army against him? When Sir Stafford made the announcement, the silence was overpowering. You could literally hear a pin drop, and every man's hair was almost on end with contemplating the vast uncertainties of a great European War. That same breathless silence reigned when Sir Stafford, later on, asked leave about ten o'clock to interrupt the debate in order to announce that Russia had yielded the point and the advance of the Fleet was countermanded. The only expression in the House at first was a sense of relief. There was a dead quiet, and then presently came a murmur of approval which was far more striking than any cheering could have been. It was as if a nightmare were removed. The Indian troops were brought to Malta. The Treaty of San Stefano was followed by the Congress of Berlin and 'Peace with Honour.'

"I recall a humorous anecdote which went round the House at the time of the Russian affair. The story was to the effect that Sir Stafford was engaged in a series of archæological investigations in Westminster Abbey, in order to see if he could find anywhere a little bit of the backbone of Lord Palmerston.

"I recall, too, as a striking episode in Parliament, the attempt which was made to cheer Parnell after the summing-up of the then Sir Charles Russell. Another striking episode in connection with Mr. Parnell was the following: Lord Randolph Churchill, when Leader of the House, had opened up communications with him, but nothing came of the negotiations. A little while after, Lord Randolph got up in his place and denounced Parnell as a troubler of the peace of Ireland. His speech was able and bitter. Parnell sat in his corner, absolutely white, and said nothing. When Lord Randolph sat down there were cries, 'Parnell! Parnell!' from various parts of the House. Everybody naturally expected that Parnell would reply to the speech, and everybody wanted to hear what he would say. Several members got up, but the Speaker saw nobody, as he waited expecting Parnell to rise, in order to reply to the speech that had just been made. Then Parnell rose and made a very short speech, the words of which I do not recall, and I am careful not to quote without reference to Hansard, which I have not by me. The purport of the speech was, however, 'The noble Lord has recently made overtures to me. He will probably make overtures to me again. It would be a pity, therefore, for me to say anything in reply that might disturb the course of any future advances he may make to me.' Then he sat down, and everybody felt that Parnell had smashed Lord Randolph, who, by the way, smashed himself some time after in trying to smash Lord Salisbury by his charge of the extravagance of the Ministry of which he was himself member.

"A strange experience which I once had occurred when Pigott, broken down in his examination by Russell, had to admit that he had offered to sell the famous letter to the Archbishop of Dublin. That night I met Mr. T. W. Russell, and, in talking about the circumstance to him, he said to me, 'They'll find him in the Thames. I know Pigott; he is a man with a conscience. He has four sons, and his one object in life is to educate them and bring them up properly. He will never face the world again after this.' Two days afterwards, when the police arrested him at a hotel in Madrid, he asked leave to pack up his things, and, while so engaged, blew his brains out. It was a remarkable piece of character-study.

"You ask who was the greatest orator in the House of Commons in my time. The question is, perhaps, not an easy one to answer. I suppose, however, all things considered, it was John Bright. Every now and then, he passed into the most simple biblical language, using words of one syllable most of the time and employing an astonishing simplicity in the construction of his sentences."



## TWO SCENES FROM "PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AT THE GARRICK.

Hon. Lucius Vandean (Mr. Arthur Bouchier).

Herbert V. Bascom  
(Mr. Sam Sothern).

Ida Pilkerton (Mrs. Morris). Joshua Pilkerton (Mr. Robertshaw). Lady Hettie Wrey (Miss Eva Moore).

Jack Pilkerton  
(Mr. H. B. Warner).Earl of Addisworth, M.P.  
(Mr. H. V. Esmond).

ACT II.—SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT MR. PILKERTON'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE: PILKERTON HATCHES HIS LITTLE PLOT.



Ida Pilkerton (Mrs. Maesmore Morris). Joshua Pilkerton (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw). Hon. Lucius Vandean (Mr. Arthur Bouchier).

ACT IV.—SUNDAY EVENING AT MR. PILKERTON'S HOUSE: PILKERTON INTERRUPTS THE HON. LUCIUS VANDEAN'S TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH MISS PILKERTON AND FORBIDS VANDEAN TO MAKE LOVE TO HIS DAUGHTER UNLESS HE RECOMMENDS HIM FOR A PEERAGE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*

## G. R. SIMS AT HOME TO "THE SKETCH."

INDOMITABLE determination. That is "Dagonet's" chief characteristic at first blush. True enough, he is the embodiment of mental and physical strength, this thick-set, muscular man with broad brows, light-blue eyes, moustache and imperial and "Tatcho" thatch, as he sits writing his pungent *Referee* "Mustard and Cress" in



"DAGONET" WRITING THE *REFEREE* "MUSTARD AND CRESS."

the dining-room of his cosy Regent's Park Mansion, quaintly dubbed by him "Opposite-the-Ducks Villa." There is "grip" in his quick, witty conversation—always direct and to the point. He is, in fine, a smart, wide-awake business-man as well as an up-to-date journalist, a novelist of power, a poet whose rhyme and rhythm ever ring true, and one of the most popular dramatists of our time.

As George R. Sims cordially welcomed me, the representative of *The Sketch*, however, and rambled with me anew from one snuggerly to another of "Opposite-the-Ducks Villa," and old associations were renewed, I could not help remembering many generous actions done in secret which proved how warm a heart beat in his breast. But my cheery host is not one who wears his heart on his sleeve. Possibly the busiest literary man in London, he finds it necessary to employ the most efficacious aids to get through his multifarious works with despatch. A couple of private secretaries, one an accomplished Finland Count who acted as Lieutenant-Governor for General Gordon in the Soudan, used to suffice him. He now, as you may see by one of *The Sketch* snapshots, needs a fair typewriter to grapple with his correspondence. The telephone places him in communication not only with Mr. Arthur Shirley, his present dramatic collaborator, but also with M. Pierre Decourcelle in Paris, and he can converse quite easily with the clever French author of the moving drama from which "Two Little Vagabonds" was so cleverly adapted by Mr. Sims and his colleague.

Mr. Sims's faithful housekeeper has occasioned so much amusement under the fanciful name of "Mrs. Bully-boy," the modern Mrs. Malaprop, in the columns of "Mustard and Cress," that I am sure her portrait will be regarded with interest. Li Hung Chang used to have a pipe-filler. It will be observed from the photograph showing Mr. Sims writing "Living London" in his library that "Mrs. Bully-boy" doubles a similar appointment with the cares of housekeeping, no sinecure for a master who rejoices in such delicacies as "Billy's Roes on Toast" (named after his touching ballad, "Billy's Rose").

Full of nervous energy, my host has barely re-introduced me to his

sumptuously furnished Oriental "Arabian Nights" Salon—or "Comic Opera" Room, where brilliantly successful Gaiety pieces have been evolved—than he dons overcoat and bowler, and personally conducts me to his snug coach-house and stables close by. Bestowing a kindly greeting in the yard upon his pet bulldog, Barney Barnato—Mr. Sims is most devotedly fond of dogs—he next takes me to see well-groomed "Faust Up-To-Date," the favourite horse named after a well-known Gaiety comic opera.

A thorough-going social reformer, Mr. Sims would make a very useful M.P., and I have ventured to counsel him before now to accept one of the many invitations he has received from this and that constituency. But I fear the dilatoriness of Parliamentary methods has kept him to literary channels.

His sincere sympathy with the poor, as evidenced in his first great melodrama, "The Lights o' London," secured for that character-full play its deservedly prosperous run. No piece, within my recollection ever evoked so much enthusiasm on the first night as "The Lights o' London" did. The echoes of those plaudits came back to me amid singular surroundings a little while ago, exemplifying afresh the truth of the old adage, "What a small world it is we live in!" It was my luck to be admitted to the good-fellowship of the Broderip Ward of the Middlesex Hospital, where the most skilful and kindly of Surgeons and Physicians, the most assiduous of Matrons, Sisters, and Nurses, nobly labour night and day to ameliorate the ills that flesh is heir to. In the cot to my right was a hard-working carter and greengrocer, incapacitated from writing home through his having been crushed, poor fellow, in a collision with a railway-van. As it fell to my lot to write his comforting messages to his wife, we got on chatting terms, and I learnt from him that it was he who was engaged to provide the crowd of costers in the vivid New Cut market scene, which contributed to the triumphant success of "The Lights o' London." Only the footlights separated us on that memorable "first night" about a score of years ago, and now we lay in adjoining hospital-cots!

The world of good Mr. Sims was enabled to do through the success of that same drama Wilson Barrett produced so well at the Princess's



"DAGONET'S" BULLDOG PET, "BARNEY BARNATO."

is not known to many. Among my happiest half-holidays were the country excursions Mr. Sims, with his devoted wife, provided for hundreds of ragged but joyous children from the poorest quarter of Southwark, "The Mint." Host and hostess, who did this good by stealth, accompanied the gladsome little ones, now to a pleasure-field, a veritable *fête champêtre* for slum-children, at Richmond, where they were well dined and tea'd under an ample marquee, and then gave themselves up to games, which drove away all thoughts of the dull courts and alleys they lived in; and on another bright summer's day they took a whole train-full of little ones to Epsom Downs (usually deserted enough when racing is not going on), and similarly made glad their young hearts.

An invaluable and willing help to Mr. and Mrs. Sims in organising these excursions was Mrs. E. M. Burgwin, the big-hearted Board School lady, who has since then so generously and so zealously and capably administered the *Referee's* Poor Children's Winter Dinner Fund, which has happily grown to such large dimensions (exceeding £2000 this year) as to mitigate materially the distress of London's waifs and strays. It being a notable public service which that journal has thus been able to render, general interest may justly be taken in the forthcoming "Silver Wedding" of the *Referee*. Its plucky founder, Mr. Henry Sampson, the doughty "Pendragon," has not, alas! survived to preside at the feast. But nearly all the trusty knights of the "table round" he called about him are still hale and hearty—kindly Editor Richard Butler, George Spencer Edwards, Henry Chance Newton, Edward Morton, Martin Cobbett, and breezy, bustling "Dagonet," who has given the silver lining to many a clouded life by—

His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

JOHN LATEY.



DICTATING TO HIS TYPEWRITER.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

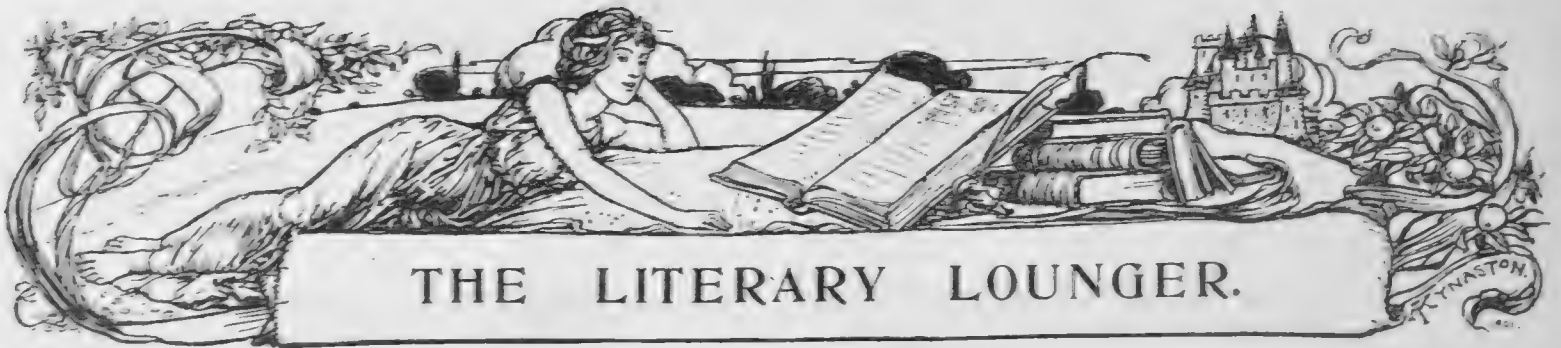


GEORGE R. SIMS AT HOME TO "THE SKETCH."



A MESSAGE FROM "PARIS," NOT "MARS,"  
IN THE COMIC-OPERA ROOM,  
SHOWS "FAUST UP-TO-DATE."

[Photographs by Foulsham and Bangfield, Wigmore Street, W.]  
IN THE "LIVING LONDON" ROOM,  
HAS A FEW MINUTES' REST.  
MRS. BULLY-BOY FILLS HIS PIPES.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

### THE SWALLOW AND THE PUBLISHER.

THE spring publishing season has now begun in earnest. There is every prospect of a considerable volume of business. From a glance at the various lists, I should say that it will be one of the busiest seasons of many years.

Mr. Charles Marriott, who made such a success with his first novel, "The Column," has written a new book, which is to be published by Mr. John Lane this spring.

A new twopenny weekly, entitled the *Coloured Pictorial*, is to be issued very shortly. As the title suggests, the paper will be printed throughout by a new colour-process.

A very large number of War books are, it is said, still in preparation. As one sarcastic writer puts it, it would appear that about half of the Generals who have seen service at "the Front" have now laid down the sword and taken up the pen mainly with a view to defending their actions in South Africa.

*Harper's Magazine* contains a really delightful picture apropos of the recent Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. It is entitled "Anne Hathaway's Valentine," and depicts that lady, with a large valentine in her hand, saying, "What a beautiful valentine! Such divine poetry! Now, I wonder who sent it, William or Francis?"

Messrs. Archibald Constable are to publish shortly a new *Heraldic Quarterly*, with the title of the *Ancestor*. It is said, too, that a rival of the very successful *Connoisseur* is shortly to be placed on the market.

Mr. Scrutton, the eminent "K.C." and authority on literary copyright, is evidently burdened with a terrible secret. He admitted in a recent lecture that, in spite of all legal decisions, there was still a way in which the novel might be pirated by the playwright without infringing the law. But he added that, in the interests of morality, he did not propose to disclose what the particular method was. I should fear for the life of Mr. Scrutton were I not pretty sure that the secret is shared by a number of other persons, legal and otherwise.

The play founded on General Lew Wallace's famous story, "Ben-Hur," is to be produced here very shortly. It is said that a "player's edition" of the book, which is immensely popular in America, is also to be published in this country. Another adaptation which will be awaited with great interest is Mr. MacArthur's play founded on Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush." Mr. MacArthur was in former years the Assistant Editor of the American *Bookman* and now occupies a very important post with Messrs. Harper Brothers.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who are doing such service to all the book-lovers by republishing works by Stevenson, Hardy, &c., in most dainty pocket form, are to add to their series Richard Jefferies' delightful book, "The Life of the Fields." Now that they have published "Under the Greenwood Tree" in this dainty form, perhaps we may hope for a complete pocket-edition of Hardy's novels to match Messrs. Constable's excellent issue of Meredith.

Miss Jane Findlater, the author of the "Green Graves of Balgowrie," has written a new novel of Scottish life, which she calls "The Story of a Mother," to be published in March by Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

Dr. Andrew Balfour, whose "By Stroke of Sword" has been a great success in this country and in America, has collected a number of stories connected with his personal experiences of the War in South Africa. These will be issued shortly under the title, "Cashiered, and Other War Tales."

Mr. A. L. Felkin, whose engagement to Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has just been announced, is himself the author of at least one novel. "My Heart and Lute," a story of musical life, published under the pseudonym of A. St. Laurence, some eighteen months ago, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, was, I believe, from his pen.

Maxim Gorky's enormous popularity in Russia is widely supposed to be due to an iron ring which, according to a South Russian legend, has wonderful literary properties. It is said that the greatest Russian writers have for centuries passed on this ring as a kind of heritage of genius. It was thus that Turgeneff, before dying, sent the famous ring on to Tolstoy, who, it is said, feeling the end near, has recently made it over to Gorky.

O. O.

### A CHAT ABOUT THE MAGAZINES.

TRUTH to say, the English magazines form a goodly array upon our table every month, and what a variety there is of them and in them! Some of them I look upon as included in the number of my oldest friends. Here, for instance, is the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the doyen of English magazines, and still edited by the immortal Sylvanus Urban. I am glad to hear that it continues to flourish. Next to it comes *Blackwood*—*magnum et venerabile nomen*; even as I look at its cover, there crowd upon me memories of the many great writers who have contributed to it. And the price of *Maga*, in spite of all competition, remains at half-a-crown, as it was in the beginning. This, surely, is a veritable certificate of success. And beside the bistro of *Blackwood* is the familiar orange of *Cornhill*; the latter, like the former, brings back its own recollections. In the same class are *Macmillan's Magazine* and *Longman's*. And there are one or two more old friends; the rest have been absorbed into the Great Magazine of the Dead.

But there is a host of fresh acquaintances, new friends. Most of them are distinguished by what I must call, for want of a better expression, an extreme modernity. There is not about them much of the grace and stateliness we associate with the historic—though in this respect the *Pall Mall Magazine* is something of an exception. One and all of them are ill-content with mere "plain print"; they must illustrate everything. Hence every one of them is full of pictures, and wonderfully good pictures many of them are. Take the *Strand* or the *Windsor* or *Pearson's* for any month you like and look at what you may term their fine-art illustrations—how really excellent are these reproductions! As an example, note the illustrations accompanying Mr. Bensusan's article in the February number of the *Windsor* on "Modern Spanish Art and Artists"; they strike me as being done as well as anything of the kind could be.

Again, every month, there is a gallery of fine pictures to be seen in the first dozen pages or so of *Pearson's*. The *Strand* is not printed on as heavy paper as the other two big popular sixpenny magazines, and its illustrations consequently suffer somewhat by comparison. The same remark also applies to *Cassell's*. *Harmsworth's London Magazine* and the *Royal* are well illustrated too, but, naturally, as they are lower in price, they do not compete with the others on equal terms in other respects. Both the *Lady's Realm* and the *Lady's Magazine* are admirably "pictured." But, perhaps, the best of all the illustrated monthlies is the *Pall Mall*; it has, besides, a tone of literary distinction which magazines that appeal to a wider public do not seek to cultivate. Still, I must not forget to say that the *English Illustrated*, under its new management, appears to be making a bid in the same direction.

It is now far enough on in the season to appreciate to some extent the programme which the various magazines are submitting to their readers. *Blackwood* treads "On the Heels of De Wet," records serially "The Conquest of Charlotte," and continues its "Musings without Method"—the last a series of *causeries* which for some time past have been amongst the best features of this periodical. In *Longman's* there is Mr. Andrew Lang's usual talk, "At the Sign of the Ship," as well as the first chapters of a story made up of more or less connected tales, both ingenious and amusing, to which has been given the name of "The Disentanglers." The chief item (horrid but useful word) on the bill of fare of *Macmillan's* is a new novel, "Princess Puck," by the author of "The Enchanter." The serial in *Cornhill* is "The Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope. All the magazines of this class exhibit the usual variety of short stories, essays, pen-sketches, and other articles of special or general interest.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* for the present month prints what is, perhaps, the best short story in the current magazines—this is Mr. I. Zangwill's "Anglicisation." In the same number, Sir Harry Johnston of African fame discourses on the Pygmies of Uganda. This article is particularly interesting and is illustrated with some novel and striking photographs. The February *Windsor* starts off with a fable called "The Elephant's Child," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with drawings by Mr. Frank van Beers. It also contains another instalment of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's "Thompson's Progress." Mr. Hyne is a capital spinner of yarns, but no creation of his quite equals the now famous Captain Kettle, who has made and is still making, so to speak, his reappearance in *Pearson's*.





PRINCESS HENRY OF FLESS.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*



MISS MARY HALL AS ESTRELLA IN THE SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION OF "ARIZONA,"

AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by Sarony, New York.*





MR. JOSEPH KILGOUR AS THE VILLAINOUS CAPTAIN HODGMAN IN "ARIZONA,"

AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by Sarony, New York.*



MISS AGNES FRASER, NOW PLAYING IN "IOLANTHE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*



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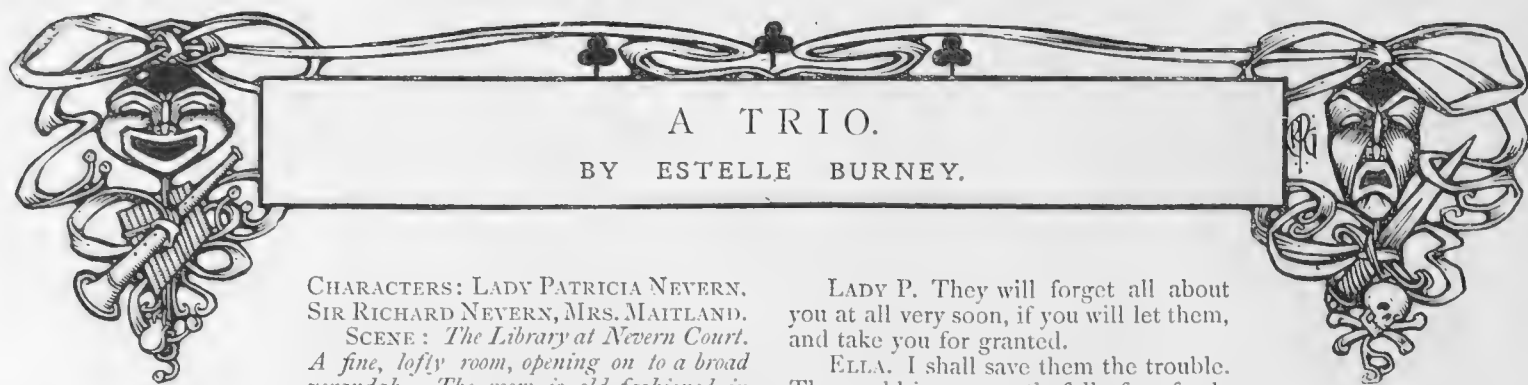
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"TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY." HAMLET.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## A TRIO.

BY ESTELLE BURNLEY.

CHARACTERS: LADY PATRICIA NEVERN.  
SIR RICHARD NEVERN, MRS. MAITLAND.

SCENE: *The Library at Nevern Court.*

*A fine, lofty room, opening on to a broad verandah. The room is old-fashioned in furniture, books everywhere, old chairs with*

*faded coverings—the room of a family who have lived there for generations. R. fire-place and door opening on to one side of the house, hall, billiard-room, &c. L. door opening on to the other side of house—drawing-rooms, staircase, and sleeping-apartments.*

TIME: *Early October. A fire is burning in the grate, though the windows, opening on to verandah, are open.*

MILLS discovered putting papers on table. Enter immediately L. LADY PATRICIA NEVERN, age about twenty-five; tall, slim, fair, exceedingly well-bred and most English-looking; a tailor-made gown, very smart and simple; hair dressed as the Princesses wear it.

LADY P. London papers come yet?

MILLS. Just arrived, your Ladyship!

LADY P. (*taking up paper*). How long have the gentlemen been gone?

MILLS. Over an hour—they started immediately after breakfast.

LADY P. Only Sir Richard and Mr. Cory?

MILLS. No, your Ladyship—Sir Richard sent down for Mr. Jones at the Rectory to make a third gun. Will your Ladyship be going with the lunch?

LADY P. Yes; order the dog-cart for Mrs. Maitland and myself. Is she down yet?

MILLS (*going towards door R.*). Mrs. Maitland breakfasted with the gentlemen, and ordered the brougham to take her to the station for the 12.15.

LADY P. Ah! Very good, Mills!

MILLS. Here comes Mrs. Maitland, Milady. (*Exit MILLS.*)

[*Enter ELLA MAITLAND, age about twenty-four; medium height, brunette, a distinct contrast to LADY P. Less conventional-looking, a more nervous and excitable temperament. She is in a travelling-dress and hat.*

LADY P. (*coldly*). Good-morning, Ella. No bad news, I hope, taking you to town?

ELLA. Thanks, no.

LADY P. (*putting down paper and warming her hands at fire*). How chilly these October mornings do get! A fire is quite welcome, isn't it?

ELLA. Quite!

LADY P. (*continuing in a chatty voice*). Lucky you to be going to town! I love London in the winter. To me the muddy streets, half seen through the glaring, dancing lights, the sounds and the cries, have a poetry all their own; and then the delight of emerging from it all into one's own cosy corner of fire and lamplight and flowers and tea is divine!

ELLA. Everyone in London does not so easily step from the gloom into the warmth.

LADY P. Oh, of course not! (*Quite simply.*) I was thinking of myself.

ELLA. You do not ask me, Patricia, why I am leaving Nevern.

LADY P. I am all attention, if you care to tell me.

ELLA (*laughing bitterly*). How correct you are! I always feel half-civilised when I am with you. (*Coming towards her and taking her hands.*) Tell me. Don't you thoroughly despise me? I should feel it less were you to say it out.

LADY P. (*with a little shrug*). Has my conduct towards you looked like contempt?

ELLA. Oh, of course, you have been magnificent! To have had me here throughout all your autumn visits. To have stood by me, as you and Sir Richard have done, in the face of that awful scandal. It's been wonderful, I know; but I can't stand it, and I give up the game.

LADY P. Now you have gone through the worst. How like you!

ELLA. The worst! Can there ever be any healing for me after the bruising I have had? Everyone hurts and wounds me. I was mad to think I could put up with it!

LADY P. Have patience. You see a slight where none is meant.

ELLA. I dare say! But how far do these people believe in me? The men, who give me a commiserating shake of the hand, as much as to say, "Bear up, little woman," "Never say die," "By Jove, I expect you are a deep one!"; or the women, who murmur flattering things about Lady Patricia and my marvellous good-fortune in finding such a friend—let them speak out if they think me guilty, let them cut me.

LADY P. They will forget all about you at all very soon, if you will let them, and take you for granted.

ELLA. I shall save them the trouble. The world is apparently full of perfectly spotless people into whose innocent midst I have brought the very knowledge of sin! I won't ask them to tolerate me.

LADY P. You talk like a parlour-maid dismissed without a character. Don't be bitter, Ella—besides, you are unreasonable. Yes, you are. After all, remember the facts. For five years you lead an exemplary life with a man whose conduct towards you is notorious. From eighteen years of age to twenty-three you bear with dignity and in silence a position that many a woman might be pardoned for rebelling against. Suddenly the world is astounded by the announcement of counter divorce proceedings between Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, and when Mrs. Maitland is in the box she calmly admits that in January last, driven mad with pain and outrage, she left her husband's roof with another man, who offered her love and protection, journeyed in his company as far as Dover; then, thinking better of it, returned alone, went straight to her husband, told him what she had done, and instituted a suit against him.

ELLA. I told the exact truth.

LADY P. My dear Ella! The exact truth in the Divorce Court! Is it any wonder that, seeing your three portraits together in those awful evening papers, a distracted Society echoed the verdict of the Jury and said, "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other"?

ELLA. But you, Patricia, in your soul you knew I was innocent?

LADY P. I do not bring my soul into practical discussion.

ELLA. Alas, I do!

LADY P. I think I have proved my belief in you.

ELLA. I have never been able to speak of that awful day, but if you only knew! I was mad with pain. I had kept silent too long. The first kind words found me defenceless. I was blindly stretching out my hands for help. It was only when I found myself insulted.

LADY P. Insulted?

ELLA. He didn't understand. I was in misery, and I wanted kind, gentle words said to me; and he—he—he thought—oh!

LADY P. (*laughing*). Poor man! What did you expect? You are impossible!

ELLA. It was horrible!

LADY P. But what induced you to tell your husband?

ELLA. Can't you see that, if I had said nothing, I should have felt as vile as himself?

LADY P. I am afraid I can't see. How you emotional people do complicate life, when it is so easy, so simple, so pleasant!

ELLA. Do you really find life all that?

LADY P. If I didn't, I should change my doctor. Of course, I know I shall grow old some day, but I don't believe it.

ELLA. And yet I should like to give you a word of warning, if you would not think me impertinent?

LADY P. I probably should, so, perhaps, you had better not risk it. (*She walks to window.*) Well, I'm off! You will forgive my not waiting with you, won't you, but I am going to lunch with the shooters?

ELLA. And you will drive back alone with Mr. Cory again this afternoon?

LADY P. Very likely.

ELLA. Patricia! Do you fancy Sir Richard is blind to your "friendship" with Mr. Cory? For, if you do, you are wrong. Oh! don't turn away. You think you understand your husband—

LADY P. Heaven forbid! One's own husband! Who does? That is reserved for one's friends.

ELLA. He is different from you, and perhaps because I, too, am different, I understand what you do not even notice. Now you are angry.

LADY P. No! I am sorry for you merely. I make allowances. Under the circumstances, you—

ELLA. I what?

LADY P. You—take an exaggerated view of things.

ELLA. You are cruel! You mean that, because I have put myself outside the pale, I see evil where none exists?

LADY P. (*throwing up her hands with a little, affected gesture*). Ah! How you do put things! Now, I never even notice scandal! On the whole, do you know, I fancy no really nice woman ever does.

ELLA. Good-bye, Patricia.

LADY P. Good-bye, Ella. May one ask what your purpose doing?

ELLA. Taking up the burden of my life as it must be lived henceforth. I shall go into a small flat in town and write.





WISDOM.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.

LADY P. Oh, I know! Dreadful books with all of us in under thin disguises. Still, you run a great risk—to face life alone at four-and-twenty, for you are a year younger than I.

ELLA. I shall be strong now, for I have found out how weak I am. There is one thing I want to tell you before I go. Do you remember a terrible night this summer, when you met me for the first time after the trial? It was at the Flintshires'. I had set my teeth and determined to face Society. Reckless and defiant, I had fought my way up the staircase, my head high, but, oh! so near despair. Your husband came up to me, put my arm in his, and, in his grave, gentle, courteous way, talked to me of all things but myself. Then, at last, when he had seen me into my carriage, he took my hand and, looking me in the eyes, he said, "Remain a good woman, dear: there is no meaning in life outside woman's goodness." And, at his words, all the hardness in me melted, and the longing to keep good and pure for my own sake, whatever the world might think, filled my soul and saved me.

[Enter through the verandah-window SIR RICHARD NEVERN, age about forty; delicate-looking, refined, reserved, well-bred. He enters very pale, very stern, very quiet—an air of something having happened. From the first, he fixes his eyes on LADY PATRICIA, and scarce takes them off her during the entire scene. There is an instant's pause.]

ELLA. Oh, Sir Richard! Back so soon! Has anything happened?

SIR R. Yes, an accident. Cory is dead—shot through the heart. His gun exploded passing through a hedge and killed him on the spot.

ELLA. Oh, my God!

SIR R. (to LADY P., who has stood like a statue, without movement or cry). Shall I get you some water?

LADY P. Thanks, no; I am all right

SIR R. Did you not call out?

LADY P. No. It was Ella; not I.

ELLA. Oh, Sir Richard, is it true? Is it possible? Why, we were just talking of him.

SIR R. Ah! (He looks from one to the other. LADY P. neither moves nor stirs.) I—

ELLA. Is he quite dead? Are you sure?

SIR R. Quite sure. Jones was within a dozen paces of him when it happened and rushed to him at once. Life was extinct within two minutes.

ELLA. Ah! His poor old father!

SIR R. His mother is dead?

ELLA. Yes. She died last year.

SIR R. She has been spared much sorrow. I had thought of his people. They are in town at present, I believe. I was wondering, Mrs. Maitland, if you would be good enough to drive straight to them on your arrival and break the news? It would be more merciful than a telegram.

ELLA. Sir Richard! I haven't the courage!

SIR R. I would go myself, but I scarcely see how I can leave now. There are so many sad duties to attend to, and you (turning to LADY P.) would scarcely like to be left alone with—

LADY P. (putting up her hands, with a shudder). Oh! No—no!

SIR R. I thought not. There will, of course, be an inquest.

ELLA. I will do whatever I can.

SIR R. That's good of you. Will you wire me by what train to meet whoever of his people come down?

ELLA. Yes. Is he—have they brought him in?

SIR R. In the billiard-room. Will you see him? He looks very peaceful. Very boyish and handsome, poor lad!

ELLA. I will go.

[She exits R. SIR RICHARD holds the door open for her, and keeps it open, looking at his wife. She nerves herself, looks him full in the face, and, with her head erect, walks steadily across the room, preparing to follow MRS. MAITLAND. As she reaches the door, she falters, gives a little, shuddering sigh, and falls back in a dead faint on the sofa. SIR RICHARD closes the door, opens the window a little wider to give her more air, and then stands at the foot of the sofa watching her coldly and quietly. She stirs, opens her eyes, and sits up.]

SIR R. Are you all right?

LADY P. (rising slowly to her feet, with her eyes fixed on him, says almost under her breath). Was it an accident?

SIR R. Why should you doubt it?

[She half shrinks back, but does not answer.]

SIR R. (speaking in a louder voice and seizing her wrist). Well! Why should you doubt it? Was there any reason you know of that should have made young Cory weary of his life at five-and-twenty? He had youth and strength, money and friends. What makes you think he killed himself?

LADY P. (with a shriek). I never said it! (SIR RICHARD smiles, scornfully watching her. A slight pause, during which she struggles to regain composure.) It is unmanly! You are taking advantage of my being unnerved at this—this horror—to frighten and trap me. Let me go!

SIR R. (waving her to a seat). Sit down. I was on the terrace last night when you and Cory were in this room.

LADY P. Listening?

SIR R. That shocks your sense of honour? Yes—listening. Accidentally at first. I waited for Cory as he left you, and I told him that before thirty-six hours were over I would have done my best to

shoot him dead. He replied that he would save me the trouble. He has done so!

LADY P. It was a crime. If you heard all, you must have known that—that there was nothing actually wrong.

SIR R. Pah! What is actual wrong in the eyes of such women as you, who play with passion as you do with any other form of excitement? Because you had only aroused a thousand evil desires in that poor lad's heart, you think yourself virtuous that you had failed to satisfy them all.

LADY P. I am not guilty.

SIR R. You mean that there was still something left you to give of the honour and the purity that go to make a woman worthy of the name. Do you remember what he said about Gwen. Answer me! Do you remember?

[She puts her hands before her face.]

LADY P. (shuddering). Yes. Oh, don't!

SIR R. He told you how he shrank from her. How the touch of her small fingers burnt him. Ha, ha, ha! He was telling you what you should have felt, and you didn't even understand! It's strange the many things there are that you delicate, tender, refined women do not understand. Had you felt that shame, would you have dared go from your child's arms clinging about your neck to his kisses? Yes! To his kisses!

LADY P. Perhaps you think I should have done better to go away with him, as he implored me to do?

SIR R. You would have been no worse a woman had you done so.

LADY P. You have a strange code of morality!

SIR R. I have no codes. I only know what is honest and pure and true. That a woman should give all that is best and worthiest of herself away, and, having strewn destruction on her path, calculate to a hair's-breadth just at what particular point she must stop for her own comfort! Fough! Is it only the women that lose their heads at the game that should be sent into the desert? A thousand times, NO!

LADY P. It was the first time he had spoken so wildly as he did, last night.

SIR R. I know. I heard him sob out his remorse and his misery at the sin that he felt you were both on the brink of! Poor lad! He took you very tragically. Sin and punishment—crime and expiation—still meant something to him. He was so young! "Come away," he said. "Don't let's stay here and face worse infamy!" What was that you answered about a life of German watering-places and Swiss hotels? What was it? I forget. Repeat the words! (Passionately.)

LADY P. (repeating the words in a dull, level voice, as though they were forced out of her). "A life of German watering-places and Swiss hotels! Love that flickers out in a Kursaal garden to the tune of one of Sullivan's operas, or is frozen to death on the cold stone steps of deserted picture-galleries."

SIR R. Ha, ha! That was what frightened you. How respectable does even passion look beside you! Puppets and dolls on wires! Why, you can't lose your souls—you haven't got any! A few more years, and that poor boy would have played his part in the comedy better. He is dead, and, were I his father, I would be glad of it! (LADY PATRICIA rises and walks towards door.) You are going? You have nothing to say to me? Not one word? (Slight pause.) Well, don't play-act for my benefit!

LADY P. What can I say?

SIR R. What, indeed! I have been mad, for I thought I knew all about you. Last night was a revelation to me. There were tones in your voice I had never heard, foreshadowing to me the woman you might become. Stop, for you shan't be that woman! Take care! My eyes are opened now, and I warn you.

LADY P. What do you mean to do? I may not choose to listen to you so patiently much longer. I am unnerved and shaken, but, after all, in very deed I am innocent.

SIR R. You do not even yet understand! (He lifts up a Sèvres cup from off the mantelpiece.) Because the thief who breaks into my house only fouls and desecrates what is mine, shall I thank him that he leaves me the use of it? Pah! (He dashes it down on the hearth and smashes it into a thousand atoms.) So much do I value it!

LADY P. Do you intend to turn me out of the house?

SIR R. Would you go?

LADY P. I might prefer anything to further insults from you. (She makes another step towards the door, and then tremulously.) You—you would have no right to take Gwen from me!

SIR R. Ah! You remember you are a mother! At last. A pity the thought did not strike you sooner. (With a sigh.) You have remembered Gwen, but for me you have still no word! Did you, did you ever love me? Yes—in your way. You have not even that excuse. You cannot weave the pretty falsehoods of being misunderstood. You've been happy and content enough. You wanted fresh excitement, new emotions, and you have killed a man, body and soul, looking for them. Well! Remember it, and take care!

LADY P. (haughtily). Enough of this! I will leave you! (She moves towards door.)

SIR R. (intercepting her). I am judge of that, and I do not intend you shall.

LADY P. Then what do you intend?

SIR R. (throws open door and speaking very gravely and quietly). Go to your daughter and try to bring her up a better woman than her mother!

[Exit LADY PATRICIA. SIR RICHARD returns, sits down in the arm-chair by fire-place, and buries his head in his hands.]

SLOW CURTAIN.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE HEEL OF ACHILLES," AT THE GLOBE.

ONE rarely sees a prettier production than that of the new play at the Globe, presented by Mr. Fred Terry and his beautiful wife, Miss Julia Neilson, who looked lovely in some splendid gowns. Indeed, the scene of the last Act is one of the most picturesque on record. It may be that the play by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Boyle Lawrence is not quite up to the standard of the scenery, but it is excellent melodrama with some capital acting, and when the inevitable cuts have been made should prove very attractive. To say that the story is laid in Russia is to tell a great deal to the old playgoer, who can easily guess that there will be a very wicked Russian Prince, a lovely heroine who refuses to be a Princess, and a manly Englishman who loves her; spies, too, will be numerous and references to Siberia are sure to occur. The authors of the new piece have been content to go to the old bag of tricks, but have shaken it up so well as to be able to form quite a novel combination, which produces some effective situations, and there is a clever comic invention in the part of the

acting; and, in the part of his ne'er-do-well son, Mr. Loring Fernie acted cleverly. Of course, one cannot overlook the clever work of Mrs. E. H. Brooke and Mr. "Gillie" Farquhar, though it is hard to guess why he alone of the Company should have indulged in a broken-English dialect.

"MIXED RELATIONS," AT THE ROYALTY.

Fidelity to old favourites is a distinguishing characteristic of London audiences, and so Miss Kate Santley and her piece received a warm welcome at the Royalty, for it is an open secret, though the programme is reticent, that "Mixed Relations" is our naughty old friend "Divorçons," at which we have all laughed shamefully and shamelessly. This time, "Divorçons" is respectable. Miss Santley has skilfully rendered the famous farce irreproachable, and you may take your father to it without any fear of his being caused to blush. Fortunately, all the fun has not evaporated, and the piece, caused a good deal of laughter, even if clever Miss Sarah Brooke is not a Chaumont or Jane May or Duse or Violet Vanbrugh, as some critics seem to pretend that she ought to be, but merely a talented, charming young actress giving a surprisingly good performance. The acting of



MISS JULIA NEILSON.



MR. FRED TERRY.

NOW PLAYING IN "THE HEEL OF ACHILLES," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Photographs by Histed, Baker Street, W.

British Secretary—cleverly acted by Mr. Malcolm Cherry—who is duped and robbed by a wicked, charming Russian spy.

Perhaps the play is a bit heavy at times because the dramatists are ambitious enough to wish to elevate melodrama to the fine arts; but it will not be difficult to tone it down and carry the piece through in its real character. Moreover, it would be improved by a little more in the way of incident, such as a rousing fight in the last Act between the English hero—who, of course, would triumph—and the naughty Prince, who would be spared, after being disarmed, because he is Lady Leslie's husband. The actual ending, with Prince Korowski lying dead of poison, self-administered, before the footlights, and his faithful sweetheart dead behind a curtain, is certainly impressive. By-the-by, Miss Edyth Olive, as the faithful sweetheart, acted remarkably well, and should have a brilliant career, for which she must prepare herself by dropping a sad trick of mispronouncing some words for the sake of effect and by striving for more complete mastery over a peculiar, but beautiful voice. Miss Julia Neilson, at times curiously suggestive of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her style, delighted the house by her powerful acting as the hapless heroine forced into a loveless marriage with the Prince, in representing whom Mr. Fred Terry—rather, too ferociously made-up—acted most effectively, if at times with a little too much deliberation. Mr. Sydney Valentine, as the stern, revengeful father, gave a strong piece of

the Company, as a whole, is not, perhaps, of our wonted quality; but, then, allowances should be made for the difficulties of the piece, with its quaint story of the giddy little woman who grows tired of her husband merely because he is her husband, and fond of him again when there seems danger of losing him, and falls a victim not all unwilling to his ingenious scheme for ousting a dangerous poacher.

GERMAN PLAYS, AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"Der Rote Hahn," by Gerhart Hauptmann, is a sequel to "Der Biberpelz," by the same author (noticed in *The Sketch* on its first production in England in December 1900), and the Management of the German Theatre hit on the novel idea of giving the two plays on successive nights. Frau Wolff, the unscrupulous old washerwoman who figured in "Der Biberpelz," having lost her first husband, has married a shoemaker, and is now introduced to us as Frau Fielitz. As is, perhaps, natural, remembering the success that always crowned her former efforts, she still pursues her evil ways, and at the beginning of the piece is plotting arson and arranging that the suspicion shall fall on an idiot boy—an extremely painful character on the stage, by the way. With the insurance money thus obtained—for the scheme succeeds admirably—a fine new house is being built for the Fielitz family. At this late hour, however, Frau Fielitz develops a conscience, and, worn-out by the reproaches of Rauchhaupt (the father of the idiot boy suffering

unjust imprisonment), who suspects her crime, she dies suddenly, after the excitement of an interview with the indignant man. The scene in the Court of Justice, in which Max Behrend again takes the rôle of the magistrate, is too much a replica of the one in "Der Biberpelz." As



MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND, WHO IS APPEARING AS ELIZA BONAPARTE IN "MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*

in that play, Josefine Dora had the largest share of the work. Her part is one which particularly suits her. Hans Andresen's Rauchhaupt was an excellent piece of studied acting, notably in the Court scene, where he tries to defend his son.

#### MISS SARA MISKEL

is a young American actress of promise who made her début in England in "The Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety Theatre. She has



MISS SARA MISKEL, PLAYING IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.*

also been in "The Toreador." She is a sister of the late Miss Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, so well known to American playgoers for her beauty and talent. Miss Miskel is now engaged in "Kitty Grey," at the Apollo.

#### MUSICAL ITEMS.

Mr. Manns will continue to be the Musical Director of the Crystal Palace for two years longer, when he will have completed fifty years of faithful service at the Palace. Various eminent performers will appear at future concerts, among them the famous pianist, M. Vladimir de Pachmann. The usual Sacred Concert will be given on Good Friday, with Madame Albani, Madame Ella Russell, and other popular artistes and solo-vocalists.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence a brief London Season on the 17th inst. at the Camden Theatre. Afterwards, the Company will visit the Coronet, Alexandra, Grand, and Duchess Theatres, appearing in "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Faust," "Carmen," &c., with Miss Lucile Hill, Mr. Hedmont, and other well-known artistes.

A great attraction at the Saturday Popular Concerts last week was the celebrated pianist M. Vladimir de Pachmann, whose solos included pieces of Chopin. I have heard all the famous pianists of Europe, but in Chopin's music I give M. de Pachmann the first place. His playing of the Ballade in A-flat and the Waltz in C-sharp minor could not be surpassed. He also took part in Schumann's Trio in D-minor for pianoforte and strings. The Quartet in F-major of Dvorák was the opening item in a first-rate concert. Madame Hortense Paulsen was the vocalist and pleased greatly in songs of Lassen and Guglielmo.

Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mr. Plunket Greene give their next recital on Friday, when a choice selection by these admirable artistes is announced.

Mr. John Coates is, I am glad to hear, rapidly gaining favour in Germany. Last Saturday, at Cologne, he sang with great success



MISS RUTH MAITLAND, PLAYING CLYTIE IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*

in Flotow's opera, "Martha," and on the following Monday he appeared in "Romeo and Juliet," his voice and style being greatly admired. I have a strong impression that Mr. Coates is the "coming man" as an operatic tenor.

On Wednesday last, at St. James's Hall, Mr. William Boosey's sixth Ballad Concert took place, the vocalists being Madame Hortense Paulsen, Miss Margaret Cooper, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, &c. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree gave one of her charming recitations, and Herr Backhaus was the pianist.

Among the sacred concerts to-day (Ash Wednesday), one of the most interesting will be that at St. James's Hall, where Madame Ella Russell, Madame Alice Gomez, and a host of famous vocalists will appear. M. Johannes Wolff will give violin solos, and Mr. Henry Bird will be the accompanist.

The Philharmonic Society begins on the 27th inst., Dr. Cowen being the conductor. This Society, established for ninety years, was fortunate in being able to assist Beethoven during the trials of his declining days, when his own countrymen showed the great composer little sympathy. The Philharmonic Society offered Beethoven a hundred pounds in advance for a symphony. His overture, "Coriolanus," will be performed at the opening concert, which will also include two "tone pictures" from Mr. Bell's "Mother Carey." The delightful vocalist, Madame Amy Sherwin, will sing "Softly Sighs," from "Der Freischütz."

The oldest Musical Society I know of is the Philharmonic of Laybäch, in Austria, which was started in 1702 and was patronised by Haydn and Beethoven. One of the Society's treasures is a manuscript copy of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Ping-Pong on Bicycles—A King Takes to Bicycling—Paper-Chasing—A Bicycle-Funeral—Duelling Awheel—The Touring Club of France.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 12, 6.7; Thursday, 6.9; Friday, 6.11; Saturday, 6.13; Sunday, 6.14; Monday, 6.15; Tuesday, 6.18.

It has arrived at last! We are to have Ping-Pong on bicycles. A year or two ago the craze was football on cycles, a rather expensive hobby, because, I imagine, you used up about six machines to each game. I never attempted it myself, and, though I admired the agility of public entertainers, I felt it was a much better thing to look at than to participate in. But Ping-Pong! I suppose nothing smaller than a drill-hall will serve for the purpose. We hear already of the Ping-Pong squint, and before long, I fancy, as cyclists are going to combine the two, we shall have the Ping-Pong broken shoulder-blade. It is this pushing of crazes to the ultimate end of absurdity that heralds their speedy death. We are all Ping-Pongists now; but I fancy that when it has gone into the limbo of the forgotten, and dusty tomes will have to

certain inns; so they might readily pick them up during the chase. All Clubmen are not equal experts, and so there should be something in the nature of a handicap among the hounds. The distance of country covered before returning home should not exceed twenty-five miles. Towns should be avoided as far as possible, because the pace might be such as to lead to interference from some over-zealous constable. Indeed, the argument might be used that riding would be at such a rate as to bring one within the law. Well, though I have a great admiration for the law, the game would be worth the risk. Anyway, as it is chiefly good riders who take part in Club runs, I recommend a paper-chase as an admirable way of finding excitement and testing the capabilities of riders.

A year or two ago, we frequently heard of bicycle-weddings. That idea seems to have died out, though, I suppose, cyclists still occasionally get married. It has been only recently we have heard of a bicycle-funeral. I do not pretend to know where Scandovi is. But the story sent from there is that a cycle-maker died expressing a wish his funeral should be attended by all his cycling friends, and that the bicycle should, as far as possible, be utilised in the final funeral arrangements. His coffin, it is said, was therefore carried on a frame



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS (OF "ARE YOU A MASON?") IN HER MOTOR-CAR.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

be hauled down from shelves in the British Museum to discover what the sport really was, cycling will still be as flourishing and as popular as it is at present.

The King of the Belgians is taking to bicycling. Only once have I had the honour of meeting His Majesty, and then he told me he was fond of tricycling, but thought himself too old to take to the more expeditious wheel. The King walks with a limp, and the doctors, having decided this is due to some affection of the knee, have recommended to the King that he take to bicycling, which is expected to effect a cure. Let us hope it will.

How many Associations looking round for a novelty to induce members to take more regular part in Club runs have tried a paper-chase? It is not every wheelman who cares for a "ride with an object." Churches with Norman arches do not attract him, and he has sometimes a contempt for visiting historic spots. The average Clubman, I believe, prefers a spin to some well-known hostelry in the country where he can sit out in the garden and have tea, or, perhaps, something stronger. May I suggest, then, to try a paper-chase? It is most exhilarating. As the run is likely to be a long one, the best way is to arrange that the hares should be given a start to a certain point in the country without the necessity of laying any trail at all. After that, of course, they will take routes known only to themselves; and, if they are good sportsmen, they will have quietly gone over the country some days before, depositing bags of paper at

beneath two tandems to the cemetery, whilst his acquaintances followed on their bicycles.

The use to which the bicycle is put is multifarious. Until the other day, one never heard of a duel being fought from astride the saddle. In Paris one cyclist appears to have had a grievance against another—of course, in regard to a lady—and, sighting his rival riding on his machine, he set chase, drew his revolver, and then the couple commenced ping-pong at one another. This is a novel way of combat, but, fortunately, we Britishers do not learn our ways of fighting from the French.

There are many things, nevertheless, in which our Gallic neighbours could give us instruction. There is probably no more thorough-going body in the world than the Touring Club of France. Those of us who have cycled in France are aware that sanitary arrangements are not the strong point in French hotels. The "T.C.F.," having appreciated the fact, has supplied three hundred of the hotels on its books with model sanitary equipments, gratuitously, at a cost to itself of over seven hundred pounds, and it has voted a hundred pounds to each of the local Associations in touring districts to be expended on objects of general interest to the sightseer. I am not one of those who think that you can get good cycling and scenery only abroad. You can have these things as excellent at home as anywhere. Still, we have got no Association which is doing the work of the "T.C.F." to attract tourists.

J. F. F.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Lincoln Handicap.* I shall still stick to my guns about the coming racing season. I predicted a lively time, and, despite the poor entries for the Spring Handicaps, I think the sport, taking the season through, will be the best seen for many years past. The acceptances have averaged well, both in the matter of quantity and quality, and now all we have to do is to hunt for the probable winners. For the Lincoln Handicap, thirteen only of the fifty-four subs. have gone out, including Disguise II., who was overweighted, and Watershed, who makes way for St. Maclou. Of those left in, Epsom Lad, with top-weight, is set too big a task in a sharp-run race, and Doricles may not be suited by the distance, as he is much better over a mile and three-quarters than a mile. Princess Melton, who belongs to Mr. J. B. Joel and is now trained by Morton at Wantage, is said to have returned to her best two-year-old form. If so, 7 st. 11 lb. would not stop her; but a lot has to be taken on trust, and I think the mare is best left alone. Mr. Bob Sievier has accepted with the whole fleet of his three-year-olds, but neither has a chance at the weights and they may be put down as doubtful starters. St. Maclou is very likely to start first-favourite, though I am told that the race will be won by Duke's stable, which, by-the-bye, is situated down in Hampshire. Duke has four horses left in. These are Holstein (7 st. 11 lb.),

it should be added, who manages Mr. Willie Moore's stable, is a past-master at preparing Grand National winners, and the stable is almost certain to run one into a place.

*City and Suburban.* The handicaps at Epsom have been framed by a Committee, Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser, and Lee, who, I am sure, will laugh when they hear that a racecourse was once termed them the "Three Tailors of Tooley Street." Anyway, their work has been well done this year, and I think we shall see good fields for the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan. There are thirty-nine horses left in the City out of an original entry of fifty-five. The non-contents include Codoman, Watershed, Parthian II., and Running Stream. Of those left in, I like last year's Derby winner, Volodyovski, much the best. He ran a splendid race over the course, and I think he has a big chance with 8 st. 10 lb. Australian Star has wintered very well, and the local talent will not hear of his defeat. They contend that he had 10 lb. in-hand last year, and I really think he had; but could he beat the Derby winner at 5 lb.? I think not. Floriform may run very well if sound, and others talked of are The Solicitor, who may be a flat-catcher, and Osboch, who put backers to the rout over the Cambridgeshire. Leach holds a strong hand. Of the five he has in the race, I like Olympian best. If George Chaloner wins with Good Luck, he will deserve a gold medal, as the horse has been a dead failure up to the present. I shall plump for Volodyovski until I



SHIP IN WHICH PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IS CROSSING THE ATLANTIC TO BE PRESENT AT THE LAUNCH OF THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

Fighting Furley (7 st. 3 lb.), Convamore (7 st. 2 lb.), and Victor Don (7 st. 1 lb.). I am told that in a recent rough-up the certain winner was found. The question now arises, Which is the one? I incline to the chances of Victor Don, but a little bird whispers Fighting Furley.

*Grand National.* More than the usual interest centres in the cross-country blue ribbon this year, as the public, rightly or wrongly, think the race will be won by His Majesty's smart chaser, Ambush II. There should be a big field for the race—that is, if the "no chancers" are allowed to go to the post. Of the sixty-six entries, fifty-one have cried content. Among the outs may be noted Fanciful, Master Herbert, Sarah, and Covert Hack. As Sarah was put about as a certainty in some quarters directly after the weights appeared, it is only fair to assume that Drumcree, from the same stable, who ran second last year, is thought to have a big chance. Mason is said to have been engaged for the mount, but I think Mr. Nugent, who rode the horse last year, should ride again. Drumcree must not be confused with the Duke of Westminster's Drumree, who is hardly likely to get over the course should his Grace elect to have the mount. A useful chaser when he stands up is Inquisitor, owned by Lord Coventry. He is to be ridden by Mr. A. W. Wood; but I am afraid to trust the horse, although the rider is good enough. I selected Levanter for a place that he just missed last year, and I shall do the same again; but I shall for the actual winner pin my faith to the King's horse, Ambush II., and I think the danger, if any, may come from Drogheda. The last-named is a stable companion of Manifesto and Larch Hill, but I cannot fancy that Manifesto will go on for ever, while the book-form of Larch Hill is not inviting. Collins,

can find something to beat him. I am very pleased to see a good acceptance for the Great Metropolitan, which, in my humble opinion, is the prettiest race of the year. Only six of the thirty-five subs. have gone out, and I should like nothing better than to see the twenty-nine left in all go to the post. Sinopi has been given too much weight. I am told the renovated Baldur, who belongs to Lord Carnarvon, is very likely to win a long-distance race this year, and this may be his journey. Baldoye may take it into his head to run well over this course.

*The Chester Cup.* Mr. R. K. Mainwaring has made a big success of the Chester Meeting since taking up the reins of management, and he is to be congratulated on the splendid acceptance—forty-six out of fifty-four—for the Chester Cup this year. It is a matter for regret that the Duke of Westminster, a good patron of the meeting, has nothing in the race, but John Porter has Mannlicher and St. Aldegonde left in, and the selected of the stable is very likely to go close. A great street-corner tip is Lady Penzance, who, like the hind-wheel of a waggon, has been so near and yet so far on many occasions. She should have gained courage with age, and, unless she is still a shy finisher, she must go close with 7 st. 3 lb. St. Levan, who beat Black Sand at Kempton last year, is very likely to finish in the first three, and Lexicon is a dangerous horse at any time when wanted. Bob Sievier is very likely to start Barberstown, who has just won a hurdle-race, and Gyp, another successful performer over hurdles, is very likely to run well at Chester. At present, I am inclined to pin my faith to Hulcot and Lady Penzance. Capital acceptances have been received for the Earl Spencer's Plate and the Northamptonshire Stakes, and of this I am very glad.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE Queen's permission for tiaras on Coronation Day has given great joy to their owners and employment to the jewellers also. Most will require their possessions re-set, and, if there exists such an anomaly as an un-tiara'd Peeress, she will now or never hasten to supply that ellipsis. Great changes are also occurring in the



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A CHARMING GOWN OF GREY CASHMERE.

manner of the coiffure, and experimental effects are being constantly evolved by the more important hairdressers, some of whom possess quite important collections of old prints of the various periods. These transcriptions of ancient beauties are studied with a view to being adapted and adopted to twentieth-century needs, with the result that at the moment we are wearing the ribbons, twists of chiffon, and pearls woven in and out through the hair of a Cosway print. The ugly early Victorian coquetry of wearing a rose-wreath on straightly combed "bands" of padded hair has been coaxied into infinite becomingness during the past season or so, and now we are on the brink of that pendent prettiness, the shoulder-curl, so delightfully immortalised by our only Sir Joshua. A great effort was made in France lately to revive the Empire mode of hair-dressing—those tight little corkscrew curls that danced up and down at the back of the head, the drooping forehead jewel, and the rest. It did not, however, "catch on," though the dress of that artificial era has a distinct following, and deservedly—all the more, perhaps, as its adoption will never reach the "imitative" strata of society, a well-defined waist being a necessary indenture with that nether world.

Apropos, I had occasion to admire and record an Empire gown of much decorative effect on Sunday evening at the Gallery Club, where a quite excellent programme was provided by its highly efficient

administration. The frock in question was built by an artist. Its lines of pearl-grey satin shrouded yet expressed a slender figure to a miracle. Irregular sprays of lily-of-the-valley in raised white velvet, with green stems, were embroidered on the material; three flounces of grey silk muslin bordered with ruchings "foamed out," to quote the expressive journalistic hack, at foot. A lattice-work of grey pearls, flanked by borderings of chinchilla, arranged itself with inexpressible effect on sleeves, bodice, and above the triple flounces of skirt. In the words of Worth, it was superlative. Few Englishwomen are often so successful in their entire effect.

At supper afterwards, some friends of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan were discussing the promised lively reading that will result from the publication of his private diary in a current Transatlantic magazine. It seems appropriate that the pages should be in the hands of Brother Jonathan, but one questions if Sir Arthur—who was a man of taste—would have wished all these discursive particulars about Royalties to appear which have been already made public in the first number.

Reverting to chiffons, I find the revived fashion of long gloves to meet the new short sleeves a sufficiently expensive one, but, as sleeves to the wrist on evening-gowns have at last been ousted from their accustomed place, elongated gloves are once more a necessity, and we again revert to sixteen- and twenty-button length, with pain to our purses and profit to the glovers doubtless.

The fancy-dress ball at the Royal Palace Hotel on Monday was the last and, if possible, the most successful of the series so admirably



[Copyright.]

PALE-BLUE CLOTH WITH LACE AND VELVET.

organised and arranged by Mr. Arthur Coke and his Committee. That our blameless dumb friends may be helped to lives of greater ease as the result of this effort in their interests on behalf of the "League" and its supporters is the wish of all.



House-proud hostesses are constantly striving for new effects in the matter of table-decoration, and, now that electricity can be disposed so variously, one is certainly introduced to startling departures here and there, of which Jan van Beers' famous glass table at the Covent Garden Ball was, no doubt, the pioneer. Still, I confess to retaining more than a sneaking regard for the mellowed and hallowed candle-light. Indeed, the most charming dinner-party I can review was in an oak-panelled dining-room, where on a narrow shelf running round about six feet from the floor a procession of candles in old brass sconces threw the most witching half-light on the women's dresses and jewels. The table itself was helped out by not more than half-a-dozen candles, though we were twenty-four at dinner. But the whole effect against the oak was simply excellent. Our hostess had evolved the scheme after many experiments. She uses Price's Parastirine Ball-room Candles, which, being made to burn without shades, are of specially hard manufacture and last out any entertainment, however prolonged.—SYBIL.

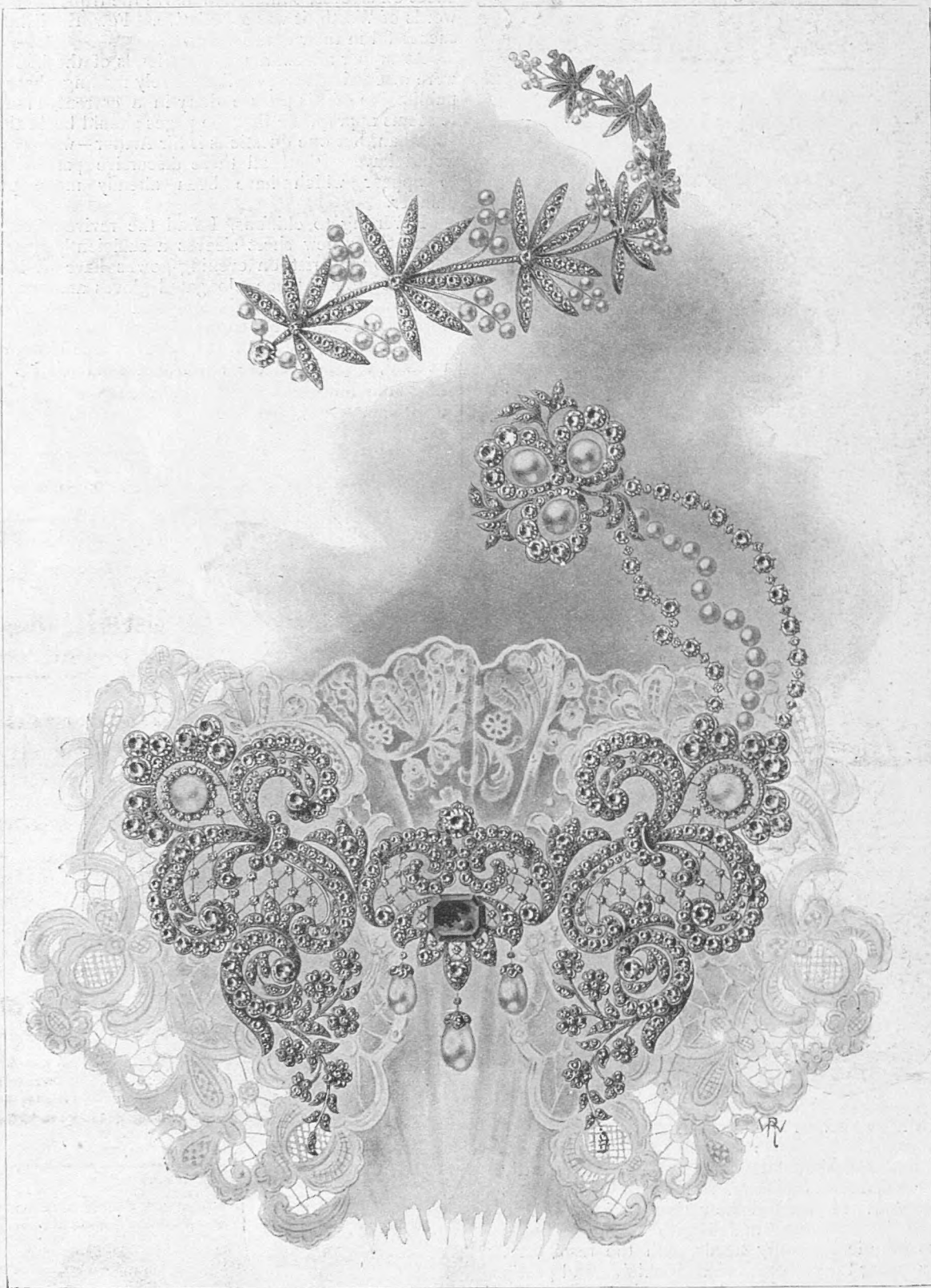
On the whole, the Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists just opened at Suffolk Street is rather below the average, containing, as it does, a good deal of meritorious work, but nothing that is likely to live permanently in the memory of visitors. One pauses on the staircase to admire the water-colours of Mrs. de Crespigny and Dorothy Grover, passing into the galleries in the hope of finding further work in this medium of still greater excellence. Such an anticipation, however, is scarcely realised. In the main gallery, the large oil-painting, "A Royal Salute," by Emily M. Mirrick, attracts attention; but the ragged

children who are playing on a London pavement with a toy gun are somewhat too realistically treated, and there is a want of delicacy in the colour. Isabel White has also a picture of children, "Come On!"; but, though they are nicely drawn, here again the colour is heavy. Hilda Fairbairn's boy with a rat is a better representation of childhood. "Parted Lovers," by E. M. Osborn, is a clever pastel, the "lovers" being two trees separated by storm and flood. E. B. Bland's "Ploughing" is a bold rendering of sunlight and clouds; Laura Clunas represents sheep in the shade of a big tree very naturally and with effective sunlight beyond; "A Cornish Harbour" is a sparkling seascape executed with considerable force and skill by E. M. Wilde; and there is a pretty landscape, "By the Chalk Downs, Sussex," with excellent colour in the haystacks, by Annette Elias.

### "STRAFFORD," AT THE INNER TEMPLE.

The scene in the dining-hall of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple on Friday and Saturday was in strange contrast to what the visitor usually observes on entering its noble precincts. One seemed to have been suddenly transplanted back to the romantic period of the Stuarts. It was the occasion of the production of Browning's tragedy, "Strafford." Originally written for Macready when the poet was only twenty-five, it suffered the same sad fate as that still more involved work, "Sordello." It was very ambitious, therefore, on the part of the amateur players to attempt to portray this unusual drama. Fortunately,

they had an excellent manager in the person of Mr. Alan MacKinnon, who spared no pains to realise his reading of the play. The dimensions of the hall enabled a very commodious stage to be erected at the eastern end of the building, and the accessories were fully provided for. The audience was, naturally, a tolerant one, for many of those who were taking part were relatives or friends of those who formed the spectators. The proceeds of the performances were in aid of the Inns of Court Mission, and, as a consequence, almost the whole Bench of Judges, including the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Master of the Rolls, and the President of the Divorce Division gave their patronage and support. Among those who very kindly undertook the *dramatis personæ* were the daughter of the Lord Chancellor (Lady Evelyn Giffard), the daughter-in-law of Mr. Justice Grantham, the sons of the Lord Chief Justice, of Mr. Justice Grantham, and of Viscount Goschen, also



DIAMONDS AND PEARLS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

the Hon. Edward Thesiger, Lady Violet Poulett, the son of Sir Robert Ball (the distinguished astronomer), and Mr. Hugh Childers. Every effort on behalf of the success of the production was also rendered by the Countess of Halsbury, Lady Robert Cecil, Lady Collins, Lady Bruce, Lady Kennedy, and Miss Webster, sister of the Lord Chief Justice. Music was supplied by a number of ladies under the conductorship of Mr. Percy Ashton Johnson.

### NOTE.

*The Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.*

## ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

**B**USINESS has slackened off a good bit this week, although the Bank Rate was, as we anticipated, reduced to 3 per cent. While the boom in Kaffirs was roaring its loudest, the public hesitated about buying, and turned over in what it is pleased to call its mind the question of peace or no peace; but, now that the steam is nearly used up, the little speculator is really beginning to think that the time has come to have a plunge. It is always so, and yet the country punter grumbles when he is too late for the fair.

We by no means say that there won't be a further rise in South Africans, but it looks very much as if we were to have a quiet spell before the next general upward movement comes along. Of course, the Dutch meddling has come to nothing, and we are face to face with the old game of mopping-up the commandoes by slow degrees. One day we shall wake up to find that Botha has surrendered or De Wet has been captured, and then there will be a mighty shouting in the Kaffir Circus. Between that happy day and the present moment it is very likely we may experience some uneventful weeks.

## YANKEE BREWERY SHARES.

Some months ago we were discussing the position of the American Brewery Companies whose shares are quoted in London, and at that time ventured to hint at the probable repeal of the War-tax upon beer. It has taken time for the prophecy to fructify, but there does seem every prospect of its coming true at last, and the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange is agog with excitement as to the possible result to the Brewing Companies of the removal of the tax. A sharp advance has already taken place, not only in the senior securities of the Yankee beer concerns, but in the Ordinary as well. The usual taps which, as a rule, have a bountiful supply of the shares are not only run dry, but are calling for more. A substantial part of the buying is on American account, and City gossip naturally points to Mr. J. R. Ellerman as also among the principal people creating the demand. Whence the supply is coming may readily be guessed by anyone who knows anything about the early financing of these unfortunate undertakings, and we should imagine that the demand would have to be indeed great which could not be satisfied by the promoters of the Companies.

The point now is whether the shares should be sold after their heavy rise. The market for American Breweries has been so inexpressibly dull for months past that we can fully sympathise with the feelings of a shareholder who, seeing a move at last on foot, is only too glad to have an opportunity for getting out of his all-but-dead stock. But there can be small doubt that the repeal of the War-tax in America will make just the difference to some of the Companies between loss and profit, and we should certainly advise proprietors to hold on to their shares. As to buying shares, that is another question; but, for a gamble, San Francisco Preference at three or four shillings look attractive, while, in another class, Bartholomay 6 per cent. Debentures are not without their charms to the speculative buyer. Of the Ordinary shares, those of the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries at about a sovereign are amongst the best for a rise. They—in common with most of the American Brewery shares—are of the denomination of £10 each, and are, of course, fully paid.

## THE WESTRALIAN IMBROGLIO.

Only the remarkable strength of Great Fingall shares saves the Westralian Market from the reproach of almost total inanition. The dealers in that department are putting their trust in a recovery so soon as the Kaffir Circus shall have finished its performance, basing their hopes upon previous precedent. But the South African Market shows no signs of obligingly slackening for the sake of its Kangaroo cousin. The latest Lake View developments are equally startling as sensational, but they all go to show that the bears have had much earlier and much better information than the shareholders. Lake Views, up to 10½ only last

year, have slumped to considerably less than half that price, and the ursine brigade talks them lower still. On the other hand, it would seem a pity to throw away the shares at their depressed level, for Mr. Govett is a man of action, and he evidently intends to put the undertaking upon a perfectly sound basis. But the cancellation of the dividend announcement is disquieting in the extreme, and, altogether, the whole position is so involved in mystery that, although the shares at 4½ to 4 look decidedly cheap, we think it would be as well to wait another five weeks before purchasing, which will give Mr. Govett time to get home with his promised report.

The Lake View matter has crushed business in all the shares connected with this group, otherwise Ivanhoe between 7½ and 7¾ might be suggested as being worthy the bull's consideration. Ivanhoe are £5 shares; Lake Views are of a pound each. Great Fingalls, it is said, are bound for 20, but, after their splendid rise, we would not be rash enough to recommend them. In fact, the whole market is in such a dead-and-alive condition that the prospects of an early advance in any Westralian shares are anything but rosy.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Our now-no-longer Stranger had brought his wife up to town, and the lady, of course, insisted upon going to see "Frocks and Frills." The Stroller, realising the need of a tonic, wended his way to Throgmorton Street on the following afternoon.

"Mustn't stand on the pavement, sir," a burly policeman warned him.

The Stroller suggested that there was no room to sit down on it.

"Pass along there, please! Keep movin'!" returned the limb of the law.

"What's the last of Gold Trust out here?" sang out a well-appointed individual apparently just going home.

"They're about 9, at your service, Sir Park Lane," came an obliging reply.

The Stroller had a few South African Gold Trust locked up at his bank, and therefore pretended not to listen to the conversation.

"Cheap, aren't they?" asked the first speaker.

"Dividend of half-a-sov. comes off almost at once, and then they will look very cheap."

"I don't know whether to buy Gold Trust or Goldfields," the inquirer pondered.

"Well, Trusts are much the cheaper."

"How is it there is nearly a pound difference in the price, allowing for the dividend, then?"

"For one thing, old man, you have to remember that Goldfields are a much freer market."

"Yes, that is so," was the thoughtful reply.

"And, somehow or other, the public don't seem to have awakened to the probability of Trusts going much better," the adviser went on.

"Go and buy me a couple of hundred Trusts, you silver-tongued prophet," said his friend, genially.

"Oh, don't do it on my responsibility, pray! I haven't said much, you know, and I don't want you to lose your money through me."

"Go and do what I tell you," came the order, which was executed and reported in half-a-minute.

"Do you mind sending a clerk to my office and telling them there?" requested he of the fur-coat. "Say it is 'P.A.'"

"With pleasure. I'd do a lot more than that for another six-pounds-five. Night-night! Rum chap that," he went on, turning to our Stroller.

"We all have our little ways," returned the latter.

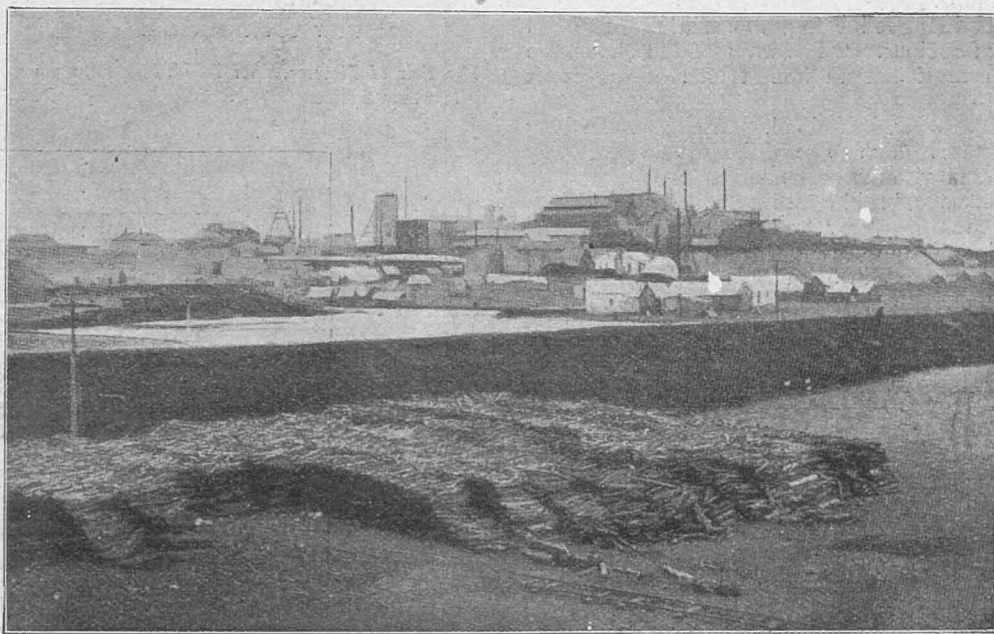
"A very salutary remark. But that man is a clever fellow. Put all his clients into Kaffirs last November. Made 'em pawn their shirts to do it where it was necessary."

"His clients have got their clothes back again, I guess," The Stranger smiled.

"Ra-a-ther! And now he is turning out some of the South Africans, exchanging one lot for another, and I think he's right, don't you?"

"Not I, Jimmy," interposed a third party. "I am perfectly convinced it is absolutely senseless to sell a solitary Kaffir."

"You always were superlative," scoffed the other. "For my part,



LAKE VIEW CONSOLS GOLD-MINE.



I think the rise in such things as Modder B., Geduld, Welgedacht, Boksburg, and such gambles, has gone quite far enough."

"Magnificently correct reading of the market!" exclaimed the enthusiast. "I unhesitatingly agree; and, if I held T.C.L.—"

"Don't you wish you did?"

"If I held T.C.L., or any of the things you've just mentioned, I should out 'em like a shot."

"What do you mean by saying it's wrong to sell Kaffirs, then, you —?"

"Of course, I refer to the best Kaffirs, such as Heriots, Nourse, Citys, Crowns, or even Rand Mines. Oh, get out, you fool!" And he fell back to allow a motor-car to pierce its hooting way through the crowd, attended by a mixed accompaniment of cheers and groans.

"They tell me Okeys are going better again," remarked a tall young fellow to another Son of Anak.

"What, Oceanas?" The second knocked the ashes out of his pipe and muttered something about the damp cold. At least, it sounded like that.

"Yes, Oceanas. After all, you know, they haven't had much of a spurt, and they are dividend-payers."

"Don't be so abjectly apologetic about it," growled The Smoker. "How much rise d'you think Oceanas have got left in them?"

"Another ten bob, I reckon. But I shall take a quarter if I can get it on my own shares."

"You chaps seem to speculate pretty freely 'on your own,'" observed a little stout man in a brown overcoat. "Why don't you stick to legitimate business?"

"So we do, sir," answered the first speaker, respectfully. "But if you don't come and give us your orders we must do something to while away the time. That is necessary, you yourself must admit."

"I don't admit anything of the sort. If you youngsters didn't speculate so much, it would be a much better thing for the markets."

"But we cannot all be shops."

"And a National-Participled good thing, too, sir!" The old gentleman waxed positively ferocious. "The ways of the shops, the market-makers, are enough to sicken an honest man of the Stock Exchange!"

"I suppose," mused The Stroller, half-aloud, "that the unblushing tips of unknown mining ventures which some of the papers give every day are not wholly unconnected with market-making."

"And then he had another one," said a rattling voice at his side.

"Not quite the same as the other one?" quoted another.

"No. Last time he made a big profit by buying Jagersfontein, and this time he is talking of a heavy coup through his bear of Chartered."

"Silly Juggins! Everybody knows that Chartered will go to 5."

"Will they? You buy them then, and see. I have sold my own and my Mother's and my sisters' and my aunts' —"

"Sold your mothers and your sisters and your aunts?" exclaimed the other, with well-feigned horror. "I didn't know you could get anything for aunts."

"When the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill passes, anybody will be able to sell them at  $\frac{1}{2}$  discount to Pa, and —"

But The Stroller fled, and heard no more.

#### SOME REPORTS.

The shareholders in Fuller's, Limited, are to be congratulated on the report and balance-sheet just presented, which is a distinct advance on anything the Company has been able to show before. The success of Fuller's is a striking example of how well in these days it pays to sell a good thing. To make a gross profit of over £20,000 on a capital of £50,000 is a remarkable achievement, and one of which both Directors and shareholders may be proud, especially when, after deducting all expenses, there is over £11,000 available for distribution.

Before these lines reach our readers, the report and accounts for the year 1901 of *The Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, will be in the shareholders' hands. As might have been expected from the events of the year, the trading profits show improvement and amount to the sum of £62,072, out of which the Ordinary shareholders are to get a dividend of 7 per cent., and £4,738 is to be carried forward. The cash in hand and on deposit stands at the considerable sum of £35,396, and depreciation appears to have been dealt with in a liberal spirit.

Saturday, Feb. 8, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

C. L. S. E.—We think very well of the General Hydraulic Ordinary stock—it is a good, solid investment. If you want stock like Christchurch Drainage Bonds, the only way is to tell your broker to pick it up when it comes on the market. Even if you have not the money to pay for it at the time, your bankers will always advance you 90 or 95 per cent. of the purchase-money, and you can pay them off at your leisure.

KYLE.—The Kaffirs are all gambles. Probably A is the only one in the list with real value, but in a Kaffir boom they would all go higher. The West Australians are rubbish. The Indian mine is, so far, disappointing, but, as a lock-up, might be all right; and the same may be said of Trunks.

A. R.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst. See report of the meeting in the financial papers of the 8th inst.

A. J. W.—We did not intend our remarks to apply to the Companies you mention, although you should in their case keep the reports from month to month before you, and see that the ore reserves are being maintained.

T. J.—The Rescission bonds are not, of course, a high-class investment, but they

are unduly depressed and as good as the ordinary Government Loans of the Republic. The market is a poor one because the bonds have been given to various Railway Companies in commutation of the guarantees, and the holders have to realise a certain quantity every half-year to keep up their debenture interest and other fixed charges. You cannot expect to get high interest with the security of Consols.

R. A.—The shares are promising, and, if we had bought as a speculation, we should not sell just now.

J. C. P.—All good shares. We prefer some of those mentioned last week, but it is a matter of taste.

J. A. E.—All except No. 2 good speculative purchases if you will lock them up, see the War out, and must have cheap stuff. We know nothing of No. 2.

J. B.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst.

FRISCOE.—The Mexican traffics have not been up to expectation, and the Trust Company is not in very good odour; but, if you look upon both investments as not first-class, you might hold them. We should not be inclined to realise just now if they were our own.

S. B.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

F. L.—The name and address you require have been sent to you.

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